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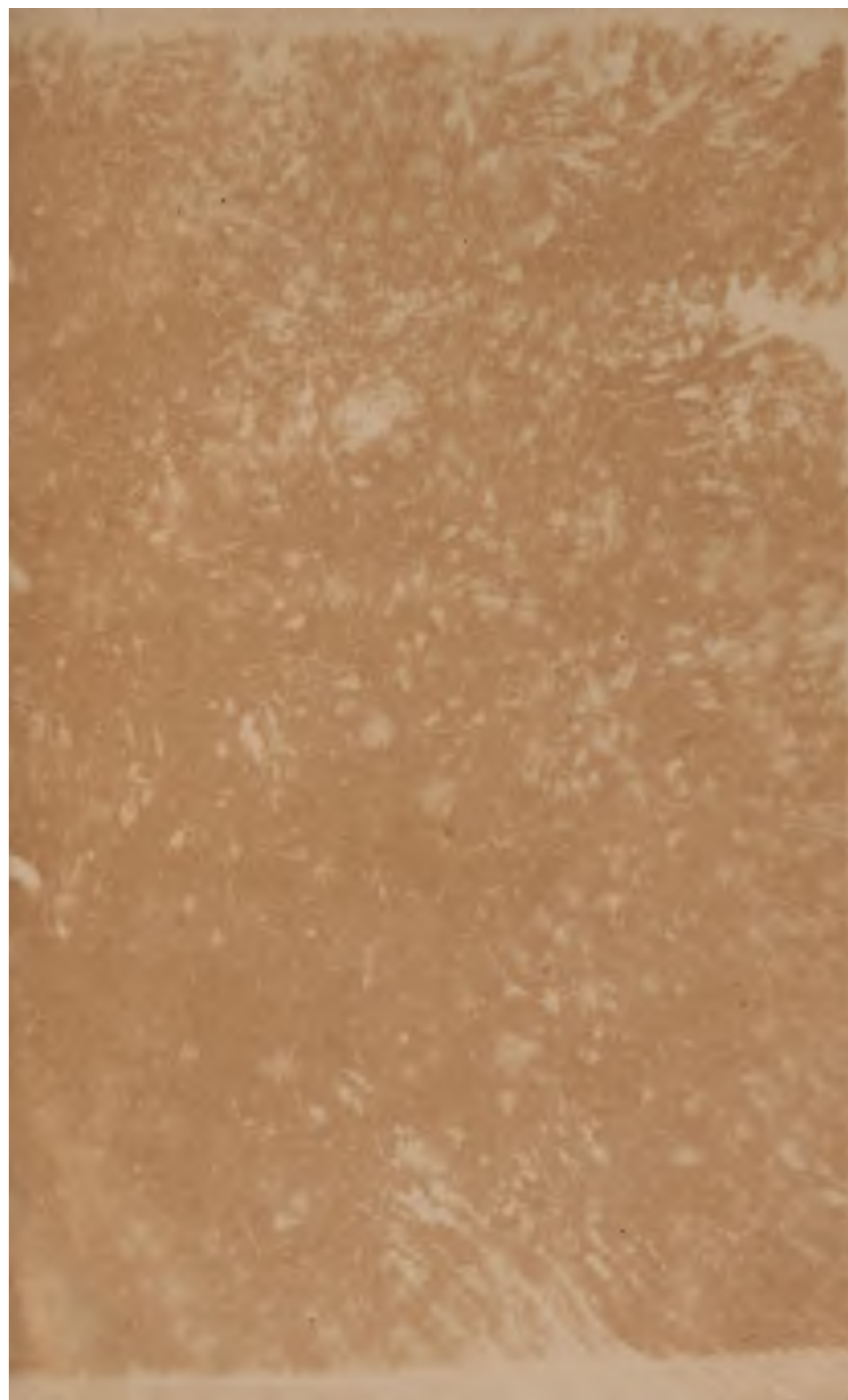
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# SCOTCH COURTIER'S AND THE COURT.

DEDICATED TO  
THE POET LAUREATE.



BY  
CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

"We'll dance and sing aeither day,  
That day our Queen comes o'er the water."

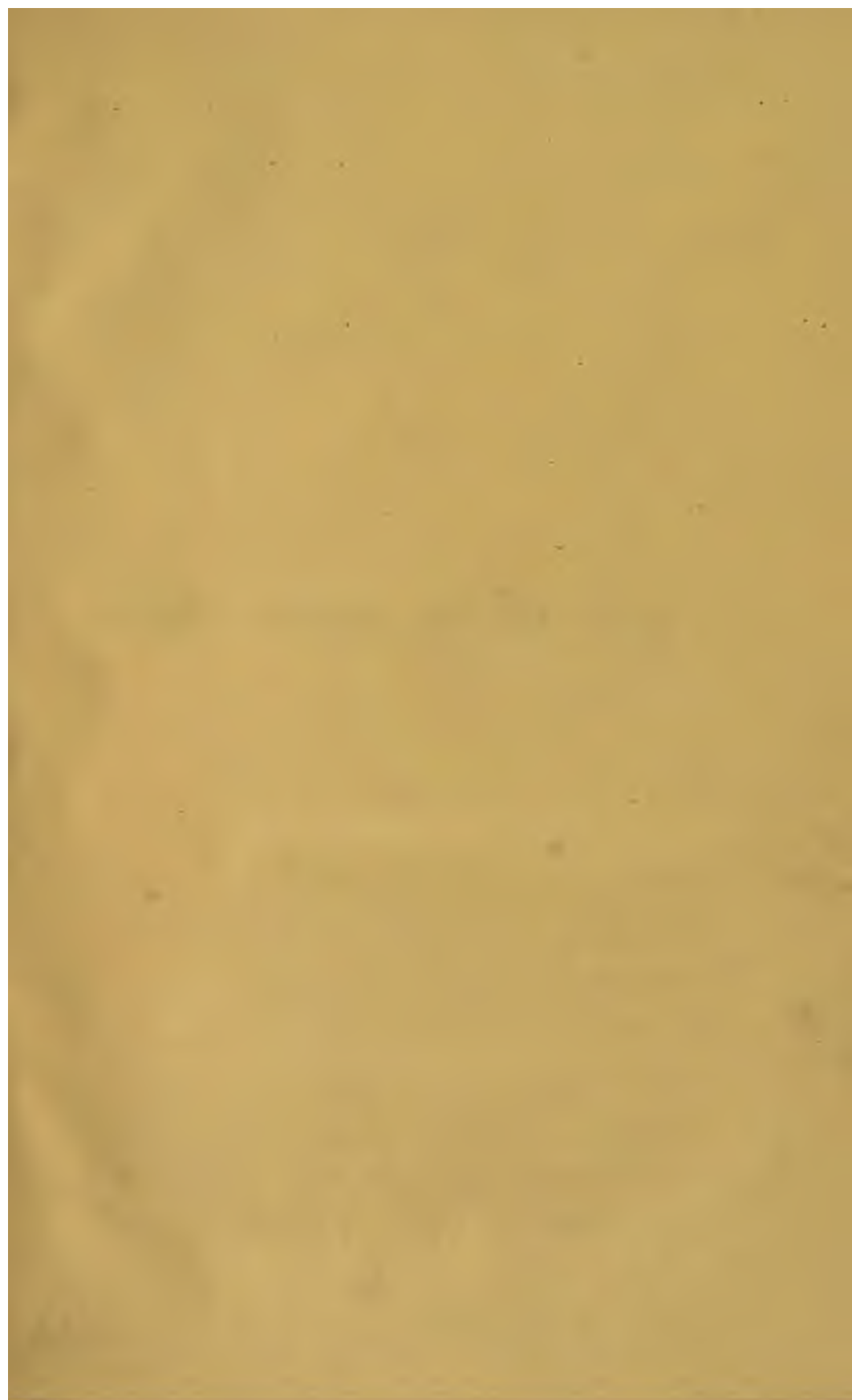
*Jacobite Song.*

Edinburgh:

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## SCOTCH COURTIERS, AND THE COURT.

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“Edina! Scotia’s darling seat! Hail to thy palaces!”

BURNS.

Old Holyrood’s tow’rs in deep silence have slept,  
While nobles and kings from her halls are all swept,  
And race after race, now consign’d to the tomb,  
Have left her long shrouded in darkness and gloom.

Here monarchs once reign’d, wielding sceptre and crown,  
No trace though surviving, of all their renown,  
But a long line of portraits begun the year one,  
When Fergus the Great was first crown’d on a stone.

Historians and poets have gaz’d on that pile;  
Kings, princes, and peers, lie interr’d in that aisle:

B



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AND

## THE COURT.

DEDICATED TO THE POET LAUREATE.

BY CATHERINE SINCLAIR,

AUTHOR OF "MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS," EIGHTH THOUSAND;  
"MODERN SOCIETY," SIXTH THOUSAND; "HILL AND VALLEY," SIXTH THOUSAND; "SCOTLAND  
AND THE SCOTCH," THIRD THOUSAND; "SHETLAND AND THE SHETLANDERS,"  
SECOND THOUSAND; "HOLIDAY HOUSE," THIRD THOUSAND;  
"CHARLIE SEYMOUR," THIRD THOUSAND; "MODERN FLIRTATIONS,"  
THREE VOLS., SECOND THOUSAND.

~~~~~  
"We'll dance and sing ae ither day,  
That day our Queen comes o'er the water."

JACOBITE SONG.



35

~~~~~  
EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM WHYTE AND COMPANY,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE QUEEN-DOWAGER;

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO.; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.;

HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.; WHITTAKER AND CO.; DUNCAN

AND MALCOLM. DUBLIN: W. CURRY, JUN. AND CO.

GLASGOW: W. COLLINS.

1842.

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Ah! hundreds of years seem recall'd in an hour,  
Since Stuart and Bruce reach'd their zenith of pow'r.

Their fabulous hist'ry's an old woman's tale;  
And had she herself done their portraits in mail,  
One scarcely could muster worse pictures to show,  
Of more than a hundred kings all in a row!

Their wigs are sublime, and their faces on fire,  
Each son stares precisely the same as his sire:  
One Dutchman, 'tis said, all their likenesses hit,  
Not Rembrandt, nor Vandyke, but Mynheer De Wit.

Extinct are the voices that once sounded there,  
And lost are the smiles that all then seem'd so fair;  
Yet time-honour'd names old tradition still saves,  
Unwreck'd 'mid oblivion's fast-flowing waves.

The Stuarts, who reign'd amid wars and dark strife,  
Ne'er parted from honour, till parted from life;  
In fate, as in feature, alike,—they each died,  
By battle or treason, in manhood's full pride.

The Bourbons, while France in its blood's left to welter,  
Found here hospitality, welcome, and shelter;  
Charles Dix with his priests, had their chapel be-dight,  
And Madame de Gontaut her parties at night.

But great were the days yet remember'd by all,  
When George and his courtiers enliven'd that hall,  
When mountain and valley pour'd forth a gay throng,  
When minstrels and bards all united in song.

When kilted Macgregor assembled his clan,  
When Campbell and Stuart had muster'd each man,  
Macdonalds, Macleans, and Mackenzies at call,  
— Clan *Jamphrey*,<sup>1</sup> 'tis feared, the most num'rous of all.

Reviews and processions arose at command,  
Wealth, splendour, and honours enliven'd the land,  
While bag-pipes and tartans were all in a blaze,  
And Scott himself welcom'd the king in his lays.<sup>2</sup>

We hear yet the echo of days long gone by,  
We see too their relics and gaze with a sigh;  
For years have strode on, full of weal or of woe,  
And sorrow has mark'd well how swiftly they flow.

Now Scotland's fair palace, like Hampton Court's left,  
A quality work-house of nobles bereft;

---

<sup>1</sup> Clan Jamphrey, the common Scotch expression for a miscellaneous mob, rather of the class ragamuffin.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Scott published then a parody on that well-known Jacobite air, "Carle an' the king come."

And few to its cloister'd old walls have retir'd,  
Yet high are the chieftains that right who acquir'd.<sup>1</sup>

Around, too, a refuge from troublesome duns,  
For bankrupts degraded to poverty's sons,  
Who, spending and spent, in dishonour grow grey,  
The debt e'en of nature unwilling to pay.

When strangers would see how the palace now fares,  
Their steps echo loudly on carpetless stairs;  
No sofa to welcome them stretches its arms,  
No stool for the weary enticingly charms.

The seat of Queen Mary no mortal sits down on,  
As well might he try to put Fergus's crown on;  
While viewing the state-room once fit for a king,  
All notions of comfort disgusted take wing.

The bed where Prince Charlie attempted to sleep,<sup>2</sup>  
And Cumberland next lay, sad vigils to keep;

---

<sup>1</sup> The Dukes of Hamilton and Argyll retain apartments in Holyrood House, as well as the Marquis of Breadalbane and Lord Strathmore.

<sup>2</sup> The room is pointed out in which the young Chevalier lodged during the year '45, and where, a few weeks afterwards, Cumberland, returning from the bloody field of Culloden, occupied the same apartment, and the very same bed, which is yet standing.



The couch of Queen Mary, all hanging in tatters;  
Her mirror, too!—Who can suspect that it flatters?

The boudoir is shown! a burlesque on boudoirs,  
The wall, roof, and sides, dark and bare as the floors,  
A catacomb scarcely so cold or so gloomy,  
A cellar itself quite as cheerful and roomy.

There Rizzio's ghost yet bemoans his sad fate,  
There wanders disconsolate, early and late,  
— With doublet thrown back, and in silk attire clad,  
A stranger he haunted, who died raving mad.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> The first tea-parties in Scotland were given in Holyrood House by Queen Anne, when residing there with the court of her father, James VII. Queen Mary's sitting-room, in which the murder of Rizzio was perpetrated, measures only 12 feet square! An anecdote was frequently told in society many years ago, of two Englishmen of fortune, who, when viewing this apartment, entered into a vehement controversy respecting the possibility of apparitions appearing, and the one who said such a visitation was impossible undertook for a large bet to pass the night in that dismal-looking chamber. Accordingly, he was provided with lights, wine, and every imaginable comfort to beguile his long vigil, and his friend, in the meanwhile, secretly hired a dress exactly resembling that of Rizzio. Thus disguised, when the clock struck one, he slowly entered the room, and gazed at his friend, who looked up, and with apparent calmness returned the scrutiny, till the intruder withdrew. Next day, when they met, he who had personated the ghost asked his friend what he had seen, and the reply was, "Nothing!" "Were you not disturbed?" "No." The gentleman continued during their interview apparently absent in mind, and three days afterwards he went violently mad, was shut up in an asylum, and soon afterwards died there.

Now day after day, staring "lions" arrive  
To hear and believe, and then homeward to drive ;  
The guide's willing slaves, though she's tiresome and endless,  
When forc'd to take friends there, 'twere best to be friendless.

Of Rizzio speaks !—there's no end of his woe,  
Whose blood is re-shed there each year for a show !  
Distinctly 'tis marked with vast care and vast pains,  
Then eyes looking grave see "indelible stains !"

His portraits for floor-cloths are scarcely too good ;  
Ah ! had he been like them,—or scandal less rude !  
But hist'ry tells stories ! how false her report !  
With excellent qualities,—truth's not her forte.

Now time rushes on at a speed that ne'er halts,  
And flings the dark drap'ry of death o'er all faults ;  
Like bubbles that float on the stream of past years,  
The iron-sheath'd warrior of old disappears.

Then brought here to act for a day and to die,  
Frail mortals remember how swift our years fly ;  
For dark as the pit of Acheron's his fate,  
Who fails to reflect, or reflects all too late.

Those portraits of heroes and kings long forgot,  
Where once they all felt, acted, suffer'd, and thought ;



The chapel's old aisles where their bones are now laid,  
That palace of cast-iron strength undecay'd ;  
Sad monuments seem, all in death-like repose,  
Of life at its highest and life at its close.

Past,<sup>1</sup> present, and future, impressive appear,  
All crowded with thoughts to employ well a year :  
But here stop !—the muse has struck work, and declares  
Such old yarns to spin, not a mortal now cares ;  
Advance, then, at once, on the railroad of ages,  
And hundreds of years leave behind in our pages.

---

<sup>1</sup> When George IV. arrived first at Holyrood Palace, he made a tour of all the rooms, accompanied only by an old portress, who did not recognise his Majesty, and told her story with great fluency, till some of the courtiers coming in, not aware that the king was thus acting Haroun Alraschid, betrayed the secret, after which the old cicerone stammered out only a few words, and then became hopelessly dumb. When his Majesty was about to retire finally from the Great Gallery, he stood for some moments, with folded arms, contemplating it, and was then heard to say, "It is very interesting, but very melancholy." His Majesty, then the most powerful monarch in Europe, having been the first of his family to honour Scotland with a visit of mere interest and kindness, his appearance there has ever been considered a happy epoch in the annals of the country.

## CHAPTER II.

### PREPARATIONS.

Day after day,—day after day  
We stuck,—nor breath, nor motion,  
As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

ANCIENT MARINER.

Hark! hark! a loud trumpet has sounded on high,  
That note speaks of triumph and glory come nigh;  
Old Scotland no longer shall pine all neglected,  
Victoria her Queen on that shore is expected.

Edina awakes, long in lethargy lost,  
But tempests of joyfulness brighten her coast;  
At last to be notic'd, at last to be known,  
To welcome at last now a Queen of her own.

Should fairies benignant exert all their pow'r,  
On monarchs most favour'd their best gifts to show'r;

If happiness unalloy'd here, they would ask,  
What blessing and honours to give, were their task?

Youth, beauty, and health in our Queen are combin'd,  
Bright talents and taste, all by culture refin'd;  
Enjoyment of nature, and art in their prime,  
With energy glowing, undimm'd yet by time.

Do these not suffice? then fill up th' arrears  
With ev'ry attachment in life that endears;  
Dull, empty, and vain must each pleasure still prove,  
Except when reflected from those that we love.

The fairy' wand circles, and now we behold  
A Prince who in honour supreme is enroll'd,  
'Mid thousands who love and admire his high name;  
No enemy lives, to grudge Albert his fame.

Two lovely young scions adorning their line,  
The tend'rest of pleasures around them entwine,  
While infancy's smile, gently soothing all care,  
Contrasts well with grandeur's perpetual glare.

The wand waves again, while with sceptre and crown,  
The Queen of Great Britain long reigns on her throne;  
That far-stretching kingdom, where sun never set,  
Where millions of subjects her laws ne'er forget.

Surrounded by ministers firm and able,  
Brave Wellington, bold as a hero in fable;  
His pow'rs all exerted, until his last breath,  
Superior to pleasure, or danger, or death.

See Stanley and Graham directed by Peel,  
Inspir'd to seek only the nation's best weal,  
Their eloquence such, they should ne'er speak in vain,  
But Britain's high honour exalted maintain.

Those friends of mankind, and those lovers of peace,  
Not life, but the duties of life would increase;  
Not wealth, but the best of its uses desire,  
With noblest ambition their souls are on fire;  
All keen to defend both the altar and crown,  
They'd die twice at least, for their country's renown.

See yet the bright wand rais'd anew to bestow,  
What more can invention contrive that shall flow?  
The Queen reigns in England, both blessing and bless'd,  
At home and abroad, all obey her behest!

In story, the roc's egg a flaw yet sustain'd,  
And still is the measure of fortune undrain'd!  
A last best enjoyment untasted is nigh,  
The wand of enchantment then broken may lie.



On Scotland's fair strand, let her Queen but appear ;  
Let Highlands and Islands unite in one cheer ;  
Let clans and their chieftains around her all throng,  
Let bag-pipes and pibrochs their loud notes prolong.

Let tartans and banners stream wide o'er the land,  
Let claymores and broadswords attend her command,  
Let loyal Scotch hearts all enraptur'd and keen,  
Hail Stuart's descendant, Victoria their Queen.

Edina! long thought by her neighbours in London,  
A poor country-cousin, by poverty undone,  
Shows once more around all her wide-spread domain,  
What Scotland has been, and may yet be again.

Of late like a hive, without bees or hub-bub,  
Men died there of nothing to do at "the club,"  
Or liv'd at that rate, one event in a year,  
So fatal to those who love news and good cheer,

But now, rushing onward, the tidings fly round<sup>1</sup>  
Through east, north, and west,—how enliv'ning the sound!

---

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott remarked that it was an advantage of his Majesty George IV. coming almost unexpectedly to Edinburgh, that the less time was allowed for "premeditated absurdities."

Our Queen comes her subjects to visit and honour,  
Let ev'ry Scotch tongue invoke blessings upon her.

Now "sorrow rejoices and industry smiles;"<sup>1</sup>  
Now travellers hurry through hundreds of miles;  
Now railroads seem slow! and now steam-boats are pack'd,  
Now shops and all milliners' stores are ransack'd.

The town at once lets itself out as a lodging;  
For garrets or cellars, poor strangers go dodging;  
Like pigeons in dove-cots, or herrings in shoals,  
All hasten, at last, to strange corners and holes.

Now ready-made houses rain'd down for a week,  
Would scarcely hold half who their bed and board seek;  
While prices at once rise full cent and per cent,—  
Such crowds bring their loyalty far to have vent.

Like rabbits in warrens all burrow, on lease,  
While penny-pies sell now for twopence a-piece;  
All Tytler's Scotch worthies,—and unworthies rush,  
To share in the glory, the rapture, and crush.

---

<sup>1</sup> It was lately observed with exultation how much Scotland had been honoured this year by the visits of illustrious strangers; and after her Majesty and Prince Albert had been particularized, the list was rather singular:—The Pope's Secretary, Lablache and Grisi, Father Matthews, the Queen's Counsel, Mr Thesiger, and the Bishop of London!

The Provost and Council, in haste and confusion,  
Resolve,—if it breaks them,—to show some profusion,  
“To squander,” the Treas’rer exclaims, “I am willing!  
“We’ll honour the Queen, if it cost our last shilling!  
“Tho’ careful and close as four stone walls in common,  
“I’ll riches at once from the vasty deep summon.”

Let arches triumphant around our Queen rise;  
What arch tho’ can vie with the arch of the skies!  
And pile upon pile shall our bonfires be rais’d  
While Etna, by Arthur’s Seat, far is out-blaz’d.

Again the “blue blanket” of Scotland’s unfurl’d,  
That ancient palladium long fam’d in the world,  
Which floated aloft o’er the crusader’s arms,  
And shelter’d the Stuarts in battle’s alarms.

The poets now all are run mad to write sonnets,  
The ladies have each got “a bee in their bonnets;”<sup>1</sup>  
The children impatient ask what’s to be seen,—  
The very hand-organs grind “God save the Queen.”

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<sup>1</sup> A Scotch expression for being slightly deranged.

### CHAPTER III.

I'll come ! if I lose a scruple of this sport,  
Let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

SHAKSPERE.

The post-office groans with long letters by dozens,  
Important and eager, from far country cousins ;  
'Twould paper a room but to hang up their stamps,  
And answering hundreds, the wearied hand cramps.

“ Oh ! tell me !” they cry, “ and pray tell me in haste,  
“ I'm dying to know how at court to be grac'd ;  
“ Advice, long a drug, will be now quite a feast,  
“ Your fee for prescribing's a guinea at least.  
“ No ! not for a million a minute I'd stay,  
“ All money-bound here, with dull bumpkins away ;”  
“ I'd spend all the gold that I —— wish to possess,  
“ And run up a national debt for my dress.



" Pd give a whole year of my life to be there,

" Then write if you find half a moment to spare.

" I wish, —— and to that ev'ry effort now tends,

" To rival, outshine, and to dazzle all friends ;

" Perhaps I've a weak side, and that is to dash on,

" I'd rather go out of the world than the fashion.

" Must lappets be bought, and are fans to be had ?

" With puzzling and guessing I'm more than half mad ;

" The Queen I am charm'd beyond measure to see,

" But then, my friend, fancy ! the Queen shall see me.

" Oh ! what will she think of me ! what will she say ?

" I hint it that shouldn't ; excuse me, I pray !

" No beauty at Aberdeen's half so admir'd ;

" You know many ' lairds ' at my feet have expir'd ;

" But taste sometimes differs, and few can be trusted,

" If courtiers admire not, how we'll be disgusted.

" Presented each day to mama, I rehearse,

" Not gracefully yet tho', but quite the reverse :

" With table-cloth pinn'd for a train on behind,

" I walk all day backwards apparently blind !

" I've practis'd a curtesey that touches the ground,

" But where shall my diamonds and fathers be found ;

" Our grandmother lends me her pearl aigrette,

" How kind was the thought in that dearest old pet.

" Papa most politely presents me a dress,

" But Aberdeen milliners make such a mess !

" Pray, what should the colour be ? what, too, the shape ?

" And what the material ! satin or crape !

" Miss Burney describes all that court etiquette,—

" A book let me beg you by all means to get ;

" Howe'er the reviewers may cut up and flout it,

" What could one know here of the court now without it ?

" Her life, a procession of trifles and baubles,

" Embroil'd still for ever in hot and hot squabbles ;

" She writes in five volumes a vast deal of scandal,

" So pray read it once, or remain a mere Vandal.

" Her book tells how Kings and their courtiers drink tea,

" How ladies and equerries cannot agree ;

" How standing is much more in fashion than sitting,

" With all things and sundry at court so befitting.

" Do get me a good-natur'd Duchess to take us,

" Her name and high rank would at once you know make us ;

" The Great Seal I'm told must be stamp'd on my card ;

" A carriage pray borrow from any friend's yard ;

- “ The Queen can’t endure hackney-coaches in sight,  
“ And cabs from a drawing-room all must take flight.  
“ They talk of the court being held quite incog. !  
“ Believe me, I’d much rather ‘ go the whole hog !’  
“ Poor Scotland, indeed ! let’s be ruin’d with honour,  
“ But such an affront will be ne’er put upon her !  
“ A bonnet, in truth, conceals tremors and blushes ;  
“ You saw once of old how my poor dear face flushes !  
“ And drawing-room etiquette’s not quite my forte,  
“ A Yankee has scarcely less notion of court ;  
“ But fancy an amateur bonnet made here !  
“ A caricature of the fashion, I fear.  
“ Write soon, if you write only three or four words ;  
“ Fine feathers we’re told should adorn fine birds ;  
“ The hair-dressers all are with hair upon end,  
“ To think that at court we’ll in bonnets attend ;  
“ And milliners, frantic, still doubt the report  
“ That sleeves may be long, and that trains may be short.  
“ But bonnets, or no bonnets, that is the question,  
“ Sir Somebody Martin should make a suggestion !  
“ Yet if he should change his great mind, I declare,  
“ ’Twould cause me and hundreds of ladies despair ;



“ A page,—like John Gilpin,—might ask in the hall,

“ Bare-headed why come?—or why come you at all?

“ My aunt,—such a bore! has these three months been

“ dying,

“ One can’t, you know, always be weeping and sighing;

“ But if the old girl thinks her death I should mourn,

“ Why now, or else never’s the time, since she’s born.

“ My brother escorts me, and says all in jest,

“ His soul’s above buttons,—how should he be dress’d?

“ For knowing Prince Albert is bent upon sport,

“ A shooting dress might, he thinks, pass at the court.

“ Yet who would for pleasure commit an enormity?

“ Are bag, wig, and sword, now all thought a deformity?

“ We rough bears must learn how to dance and appear!

“ I wish ev’ry Scot had ten thousand a-year!

“ But rarely indeed do we welcome our Queens,

“ Or live thus familiar with uncommon scenes.

“ My joy’s quite in agonies,—all are infected,

“ While ev’ry impossible pleasure’s expected;

“ Tis said life’s a scene of vain hope and vain fears,

“ A mighty ‘perhaps’ fraught with smiles and with

“ tears;

“ As night follows day, and as shadows the sun,  
“ So yet shall it be, till our course is all run.  
“ Though not yet approaching life's dull afternoon,  
“ I'll think some day deeply, but not very soon !  
‘ Write ! write ! or depend on't, I'll always remain  
“ In no respect

“ Yours,

“ Till a line I obtain.”

## CHAPTER IV.

The Spanish fleet thou can'st not see,  
Because 'tis not in sight !

CRITIC.

Here stories, conjectures, reports have no end,  
All " certain," yet each contradicts now his friend ;  
'Twould seem that the gossips rose early at sunrise,  
T'invent ev'ry fable, tale, wonder, and surmise.

Her Majesty goes an excursion to Wales !  
Excuse me ! to Cowes, I'm assur'd that she sails !  
Ah, no ! she'll arrive here, without beat of drum !  
Pshaw ! wide is the gulf between coming and come !

The Queen lands on Friday ! I heard it to-night :  
That's nonsense, indeed !—Is the squadron in sight ?  
The winds—always wrong—quite a hurricane blew,  
My report is authentic, and yours is not true !

Believe me, I know it, her Majesty's gone  
 To German reviews ; I heard it from one  
 Who can't be mistaken,—who often has notes  
 From members of parliament holding their votes.

The Duke's<sup>1</sup> cousin-german's particular friend  
 Assures me he knows at what pier she'll ascend ;  
 Though Granton and Leith are to logger-heads going,  
 The chain-pier's the place where the boats should be rowing.

He mention'd a secret that no one else knows,  
 A secret, in honour, I dare not disclose ;  
 That ten royal horses are here lately stabl'd,  
 Each stall with their names all in gilt letters labell'd.

The housekeeper, too, at Dalkeith, has describ'd  
 The bed-room,—to show it, I hope she'll be brib'd ;  
 The posts are all gilt, and the damask of blue,  
 The palace is furnish'd completely anew !  
 The Queen holds no levee, of that be assur'd,  
 Your dress in the wardrobe may be re-immur'd ;

---

<sup>1</sup> "The Duke" meant, in these days, par excellence, no one but his Grace of Buccleugh.



A fever at Holyrood rages, we're told,<sup>1</sup>  
To warrant the Queen safe, no Alison's bold ;  
And, care in his face, like a banker's when breaking,  
Our friend Abercrombie pronounces it "taking."

If gold could but buy us a week of fine weather,  
What sums would be gather'd by Scotland together !<sup>2</sup>  
Such *jours de crystal* for three months we have seen,  
The climate now must not give check to the Queen ;  
Our sun has of late been remarkably civil,  
At present, then, surely he'll do us no evil !

---

<sup>1</sup> The *tartan* fever was the most prevalent of all at this time, especially among the English strangers, and many testified their enthusiasm for the "garb of old Gaul" to their very watch-ribbons, purses, and horse-cloths ! apparently quite ready to re-echo the speech of the great Duke of Argyll, "My heart shall be cold as death can make it, ere it ceases to warm to the tartan." Some gentlemen protested that the report of scarlet fever had been set agoing by the old servants, who did not wish to be disturbed in their usual vocations, and raised a ghost to keep the house for themselves, but as one of them is said to have died, it seems not probable that he would have carried the imposition so far.

<sup>2</sup> Could a tax at this time have been levied, of all that every living individual in Scotland would willingly give merely to gain a sight of the Queen, if collected on a sliding scale, proportioned to their means, it would have paid off the national debt ! It is surmised that this proceeded not from mere curiosity, but from that high-toned loyalty which makes every Scotchman more anxious to serve his sovereign than even to behold her.



That day was surpassingly bright, clear, and dry,  
 When Scotia assembl'd, her Queen being nigh,  
 To welcome Victoria, their monarch and guest,  
 Of all they've beheld yet, the first and the best:  
 Domestic in habits, and early in hours,  
 So simple in taste, yet so gifted in pow'rs,  
 Her own home a model, by which all behold,  
 Nor business, nor pleasure, from *that* need withhold.

On this anniversary 'twas all of yore,  
 When Mary three centuries since came on shore,  
 Propitious though now be our sov'reign's descent,  
 To please, and be pleas'd, ev'ry subject intent.

Scotch mobs cherish feeling, not loudly but deep,  
 Yet rouse once emotion, no bounds do they keep;  
 Not Ireland itself can compete with the storm  
 Of Scotchmen when long-weigh'd decisions they form.

No name in broad Scotland a muster-roll call,  
 But "Here!" would be answer'd for certain by all;  
 From Calton to Granton, full five miles or more,  
 A rainbow of tartans bedecks all the shore.

Gay banners and flags stretching wide o'er the plain,  
 And tall white-wing'd vessels afloat on the main;

A crowd truly countless of "best Sunday coats,"  
Each bank waves with plumes, like a ripe field of oats,  
Each hill swarms alive, crown'd with standards of might,  
Each face wears a smile of expectant delight;  
Each friend looks to friend, all admiring the sight;  
Each feels 'tis himself his fair Queen comes to visit:  
Not one would, for hundreds, be absent or miss it;  
While weather and sunshine rejoicing with man,  
Add all that mere mortals can't add to their plan.

The archers of Scotland in splendid array,  
Their loyalty, zeal, and devotion display;  
Their right, since the Stuarts acquir'd first the crown,  
To stand next their sov'reign defending the throne.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> In the time of Queen Anne, the Earl of Cromarty being Captain-general of the archers, they obtained a charter, under the Great Seal, giving them power to appoint their commanding officers, and to meet and go forth, in military form, as often as they should think convenient, and prohibiting the civil magistrate from giving them any interruption. It was also ordained that they should pay to the crown an annual acknowledgment of a pair of barbed arrows. A silver arrow they annually shoot for, given by the town of Musselburgh in 1603. The victor in this, as in other prizes, has the custody of it for a year, and then returns it, with a medal appended, on which are engraved any motto or device which the gainer's fancy dictates. There are now more than a hundred pieces attached to the original arrow.

No monarch in Europe is serv'd by a band  
So ancient in birth, or so high in command,  
Each private a squire of old Scottish descent,  
His time and his fortune with ardour both spent.

High peers and their sons all enlist in the ranks,  
Unmindful of aught but their sov'reign's fair thanks;  
Up early and late, drilling morning and noon,  
By the light of the day,—by the light of the moon;  
Like bold Major Sturgeon might Pringle complain,  
That wet thrice on service they'd been in the rain.

For weeks did they practise “face left and face right,”  
But now they appear,—’tis a chivalrous sight;  
Lord Elcho in bonnet and plume at their head.  
While Roxburgh's brave Duke now suspends his high  
station,—

A private escorting the Queen of his nation.<sup>1</sup>

The Vicar of Wakefield admir'd happy faces,  
And thousands are here, perch'd in thousands of places;

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<sup>1</sup> Four or five archers in the ranks are Nova Scotia baronets, wearing that ancient orange ribbon which, as one of their number once remarked, “can never now be either given, or taken away.”



A million of men had all mounted the scaffold,  
And as many more, their attempts being baffl'd,  
Were rested by looking at seats which abound,  
Chaise longs, and chaise *shorts* in each field to be found.

The coaches struck cannons all one on another,  
While all seem'd with heat and dust ready to smother;  
A guinea an hour for the hacks they demand,  
A fortune you'd make to drive one on a stand,  
Yet each cramm'd so full, they seem'd ready to burst,  
“A coach and a half take!” one man said, “you must!”

The windows were let for a dollar an hour;  
There none wish'd Macleod's fairy flag with the pow'r  
To double their numbers, and multiply more,  
For Babbage himself might exhaust all his lore.

As easily reckon'd the leaves on the trees,  
That flutter on high in bright summer's soft breeze,  
Or count where the loud ocean ceaselessly dashes,  
The sands his wide wandering billow still washes,  
Than number the bright stars, all glitt'ring you'll find  
The swarms here collected shall leave all behind.

At least thirty thousand from Glasgow, or more,  
From Galloway, Ayrshire, and Cupar, three score;

A troop flocks from Caithness and Islay's rough tides,  
 A myriad, at least, from Argyllshire besides,  
 A dozen from Kirkwall, Banff, Luss, and Portree,  
 And one from far Lerwick, the sight comes to see:  
 Count all who have liv'd in the moon, and count lots  
 From Maidenkirk heights on to far John o' Groats;  
 At grass who have liv'd, nor from home to be torn,  
 Like insects attach'd to the leaf where they're born.

Still hour after hour, in deep silence all sat,  
 If patient or not,—we dare not ask that!  
 As Indians "sit Dhurna," from day on to day,  
 Thus watching their Queen's coming none mov'd away.

But did Father Mathews himself there preside,  
 More sober and quiet they scarce could abide;  
 While many old gentlemen, during the day,  
 Wore out their gold spectacles gazing away!

The poor spent their holiday thus!—nought to eat,  
 Yet perfectly calm, strong in hope kept their seat:<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> One poor labourer from the country had expended his last half-crown that "*his gude-wife*" might see the Queen. Many hundreds had got leave of absence for that day only, and walked twenty or thirty miles for the oc-

Their last shilling squander'd, their lease fast expiring,  
Immoveable still,—their good humour's untiring.

Boreas though,—rude to a proverb,—was adverse;  
Alas! for the muse that must tell it in sad verse;  
No landing that day could take place 'twas "much fear'd;"  
The play 'twas of Hamlet—no Hamlet appear'd.

Then slowly and sadly the crowd all disperse,  
On wings of vexation, tho' deeply averse;  
And mortified carriages wheel'd all away,  
Since vain it would be the whole night long to stay.

Now full twenty-thousand were strangers and homeless,  
Who had they got beds, would all willingly roam less;  
But wand'ring all night, they ascended the hill,  
Where finding the bonfire prepar'd and all chill,  
They lighted the pile, till it flam'd fierce and wide;  
Which Fifeshire perceiving across the broad tide,  
From coast to far coast, and from hill top to hill,  
The bonfires blaz'd brightly, when morning broke still.

---

casion, and unluckily none of the working classes had been quite so provident as an industrious female, who was about, some years ago, to be hanged, and after mounting the scaffold, asked leave to "put in a few stitches while the crowd was assembling."

Like Scotts' picture drawn, of the country at stake,  
When signal-fires blaz'd up of old by mistake.

Thus Scotland was burning, in flames all the night,<sup>1</sup>  
Each bare scalp of rock now a rainbow of light.

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<sup>1</sup> These numerous bonfires occasioned great embarrassment during that night to the royal squadron. Of the pilots on board, one declined to act, but his coadjutor protested he knew the route as well by night as by day, and that the light on Inchkeith being a revolving one, he felt confident of recognising it accurately. In Fifeshire the coal pits had literally been turned upside down for the conflagration, and the Earl of Haddington ordered more than thirty carts of coal to be placed on the highest peak of Arthur's Seat.

## CHAPTER V.

Lord Chatham with his sword undrawn,  
Is waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Is waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Next day to Da Capo the first all were keen,  
Though truly it prov'd a far different scene !  
The gun fir'd at seven to rouse in the morning,  
Which all had been promis'd should give two hours' warning;  
But long before then, a loud cry had been rais'd,  
“ Our Queen is safe landed, for which God be prais'd.”  
Was e'er such a scene of confusion and noise,  
From men, women, children, the rabble, and boys !  
Niagara's Falls are composure to this!  
A nation all rushing their Queen not to miss!



The multitude flew helter skelter to shore ;  
Through fields, walls, and ditches, all frantic they tore ;  
The hill-sides alive were, with mobs in full flow,  
Like armies defeated, that fly from the foe !

The magistrates, thunder-struck, rub their eyes staring,  
And wonder the Queen would so soon take an airing ;  
Some yawning in bed, their night's rest would not waste ;  
Some ate kipper'd salmon in dignified haste ;  
While some sat in council the Queen how to meet,  
Though longbefore then, she'd progress'd through the street.

Then loud Sir James Forrest exclaimed, he must fly  
To present the keys somewhere !—at least he would try.  
At Gretna Green speed now his state coach proceeded,  
But who shall declare, alas ! how he succeeded ?

Our Queen's " open Sesamé" had been obey'd,  
And none her flight onwards could now well have stay'd ;  
The eagle taken wing, and then who can impede him,  
Edina at once to the Queen gave its freedom.

Now Provosts and Bailies to " stand and deliver"  
A neat and appropriate speech, need not shiver ;  
The world roll'd on castors, no trouble arose,  
While onward and onward the swift carriage goes.

The scene grew more splendid, yet those on the watch,  
Thought George the Fourth's landing more thoroughly  
"Scotch."

The chieftains, like comets ungrac'd by their tails,  
Look'd ev'ry-day stars, which no Highlander hails.<sup>1</sup>

Fire, water, and soldiers, make room for themselves,  
The Scotch-guard rush'd forward, in tens and in twelves;  
But dragoons uninstructed their places to yield,  
Persisted her Majesty's person to shield.

A skirmish ensu'd now,—a small civil war,  
The battle of Inverleith Row, near the bar;  
While archers, determin'd their station to hold,  
Like brave Robin Hood and his men seem'd,—so bold.

One private, the Duke, was severely attack'd,  
Sir George was upset, as the horses all back'd;  
Lord Elcho himself had nine arrows quite broken,  
Before Colonel White's loud recall could be spoken.

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\* It is said that more than a hundred of the Clan Campbell then in Edinburgh, would willingly have armed and accoutred themselves in full costume, to exhibit a Highland Chieftain's "following," had their chief the Duke of Argyll desired it, but such gatherings on this occasion were reserved for the Highlands.

The brave drummer stretch'd all his length on the ground,  
Still prostrate continu'd his loud beat to sound ;  
Till drummer and drum in the *melée* were crush'd,  
And traml'd by crowds, who all over them rush'd.

This desp'rate affray in attempting to paint,  
The pen seems to throb, and description grows faint ;  
At length the dragoons were displac'd, and soon after,  
The archers in office 'mid loud cheers and laughter,  
Some clung to the wheels, and some mounted behind ;  
All ran up the hill, nearly breathless and blind.

Now Scotch nationality blazes in flames,  
The tempest and whirlwind of joy nothing tames ;  
No noise e'er proceeding from human lungs wanting,  
The birds high aloft, this loud uproar all daunting.<sup>1</sup>

The surge rose and fell, acclamations resound,  
Artillery-men might be deafen'd or stunn'd ;

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<sup>1</sup> The contrivance of some loyal subjects to attract her Majesty's notice might well elicit a smile. A cockatoo had been carefully trained at one house to call "Hurra! hurra!" in so vociferous a voice, that he would have been a suitable companion for Barnaby Rudge's raven. If human beings had also taken lessons in cheering, it might not have been amiss, for external demonstrations are so little practised in Scotland, that the chorus is not always well rung out, when they most wish to be enthusiastic.



While handkerchiefs,—needful in joy or in sorrow,  
Wave high o'er each head: Will they wave till to-morrow?<sup>1</sup>

The Scotch cry, "*Hurray*," and the English *Hurrà*,  
The proudest day this that their eyes ever saw;  
Auld Reekie's sad bells now attempt a gay peal,  
But dismal their sound is, whatever they feel.

The phrenzy increas'd, a wild phrenzy of joy,  
(A people rejoicing without one alloy)  
The "oldest inhabitant" does not remember,  
A day to compete with this first of September.

Each man, in a ferment his Sov'reign to see,  
Exclaims in excitement of pleasure and glee:—  
"She's bra' and she's bonny! ah! there is our Queen!<sup>2</sup>  
" — The royal pink bonnet is all I have seen!—

<sup>1</sup> The confidence and condescension with which her Majesty showed herself at once, to an expecting nation, so immediately after the fatigues of a long voyage, were fully and warmly appreciated in Scotland. It is a curious remark made by Hume in his history of England, that much of Henry VII.'s unpopularity, was attributed in those days to the king never showing himself to his people except in a close carriage!

<sup>2</sup> An illustrious stranger is reported to have remarked that the ladies of Edinburgh had but two faults, being too late in the morning, and too fond of dress; but the anxiety of some to have their handkerchiefs very handsome, and beautifully trimmed for this occasion, was very great, and one lady very nearly missed altogether the opportunity to see her Majesty, by waiting for a new one, more splendid than those she already possessed.

“ No diamonds, nor feathers were there!—nor the crown,

“ Do tell me exactly, what colour’s her gown?

“ I came just in time to have miss’d the whole sight,

“ Sure never did carriage so rapid take flight.

“ I heartily wish that our eyes had no lid!

“ Ah! see the procession by troops is all hid!

“ That bow she so graciously made was for me,

“ I wish one could keep it lock’d up with a key.

“ Our Queen looks far better in Scotland than England,

“ No sight’s been like this, since I once saw the King land.”

These words were scarce spoken, when, crowning the hill,

A statue appear’d causing each heart to thrill;

’Twas George the Fourth standing, with sceptre and crown,

Reminding ten thousand of days long since flown,

When scenes such as these were all acted before,

By good men and great, who’ll be seen here no more.

The Queen herself gaz’d, and one rapid glance told,

’Twas he whose high name with her own is enroll’d;

At once she stood up ’mid applauses and cheers,

This moment of joy not unmingled with tears.

She wav’d then her hand to that regal-like form,

A pause of deep silence succeeding the storm;



A touch here of nature had reach'd every heart,  
A grace far beyond the conception of art.  
Past, present, and future, all mingl'd in one,  
While thus were recall'd the old days that are gone.

## CHAPTER VI.

Shine out, stars ! let night assemble  
Round us ev'ry festal ray ;  
Lights that move not, lights that tremble  
To adorn this eve.

MOORE.

Now Thursday's fair night had scarce yet clos'd its eye,  
E're thousands of lamps with the day seem'd to vie;  
Scarce shining more gay than the faces around,  
All glowing and sparkling with feelings profound.

In books the Chinese feast of lanterns is prais'd,  
Where millions of lamps high aloft fiercely blaz'd ;  
'Twas nothing to this, where the fair city shows,  
Pile mounted o'er pile of gay lights and flambeaux.

The ancient old town seem'd on shelves reaching high,  
Full thirteen tall stories approaching the sky;

Each street peeping over the shoulder of t'other,  
The castle itself seem'd Gibraltar's own brother.

Now streaming with lights, every house is on fire,  
That fairy-like city might poets inspire;  
Some "artists" made fire, air, and water combine,<sup>1</sup>  
*Jet d'eau* and *jet feu*, in one glitt'ring line.  
And surely the owners of one brilliant square,  
Caught flashes of light'ning, and nail'd them all there.  
No lamp was there broken,—no stone ever thrown;<sup>2</sup>  
No hooting, no cheering, all rioters flown;  
And strangers blindfolded, might thread the whole streets,  
Nor guess that a soul *but himself*, he there meets.

<sup>1</sup> All trades' people are now become "artists,"—actors, hair-dressers, cooks, milliners, &c.; and on the same principle, there are no schools now, but academies,—no play-houses, for all are theatres,—and every one lives for the newly invented word excitement. It would be very desirable if a new Dr Johnson would compose a new dictionary of modern English.

<sup>2</sup> An excellent old law used to be established in Scotland, that whoever was caught breaking a lamp, was obliged to pay for all the lamps which had ever been fractured since the last offender had been fined.

Scotch loyalty shines particularly in illuminations, which are more brilliant generally in Edinburgh than elsewhere. The most magnificent ever seen, was exhibited by a Scotch countess in London, which it occupied many hours to light, and the expense of which was estimated at L.1,500. When a royal visit was afterwards announced at the same lady's residence, she caused her family diamonds to be re-set as a necklace, in the form of "God Save the King."

That day at length dawn'd when the Queen had declar'd  
 She'd visit the castle to see how it far'd;  
 The Provost at last might get rid of the keys,  
 His speech be deliver'd, and then "stand at ease."

The morning at first blush'd all red, but the weather  
 Ne'er knows its own mind for one short hour together:  
 Dark, gloomy, and grand it became all that day,  
 The clouds overhanging, like mountains all grey.

Behold the Scotch carnival! brilliant the fête,  
 Her Majesty carried in splendour and state.  
 The archers on duty, their banners unfurl'd,  
 One scarce could believe that there liv'd in the world  
 So many well dress'd, well-conducted, well-bred.  
 "A nation of gentlemen"<sup>1</sup> George the Fourth said,  
 The first then of gentlemen, he at their head,  
 Who Scotchmen in mind and in manners well read!

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<sup>1</sup> During the period of her Majesty's residence in Scotland, it was observed that not a single beggar appeared on the street! a most gentlemanly feeling on their parts!

His Majesty George IV. expressed himself peculiarly pleased with the orderly conduct of the Edinburgh mob, not one of whom, even in the most crowded moments, advanced within some yards of his person, but all stood respectfully back, making a line along which he advanced. On Sunday



A talent for waiting the people display'd,  
From six in the morning till noon many stay'd,  
Their eyes gazing forward,—hurra's and cheers ready,  
As rockets unlighted, remain ever steady.

At last the procession advances in sight,  
'Slow wending its way to the castle's steep height;  
Thro' "dear Canongate,"<sup>1</sup> as once Charles Dix call'd it,  
The strong scrambling horses to Castle-hill haul'd it.

His Grace of Argyll's heavy coach led on first,  
To brave the steep hill, and upset at the worst;  
Like flies on a window they sprawl'd up the slope,  
But flies draw up nothing to hinder their scope:  
And see! many hundred-weight flying aloft,  
A sight not in Britain or elsewhere seen oft.

---

when going in state to the High Church, he was surprised and pleased at the impressive contrast between the enthusiastic reception usually had, and the solemn silence which pervaded the whole scene on that occasion, few persons having collected, and those few in perfect silence. The King was very indignant when he entered the church, and found that the "*brod*" for collecting alms had been removed from respect to himself, as he had brought a donation.

The Queen's present visit being considered quite private, she did not go in state to the High Church, as might otherwise have been expected, but had service performed by a friend of the Duke's, who is his Grace's nominal chaplain, the Rev. E. B. Ramsay.

<sup>1</sup> This venerable street is named after the canons of Holyrood Abbey.



The battlement's summit display'd near in sight,  
 Her Majesty's graciously pleas'd to alight ;  
 A whisper could scarce have advanc'd with less noise,  
 Than that splendid cortège delighting our eyes ;  
 Here veteran officers wearing their star,  
 White hair and white feathers all streaming afar ;  
 Display'd where Mons Meg is preserving her station,  
 Queen Mary's apartment in high elevation,  
 The royal regalia, long lost or forgotten,  
 Till found in a strong box then laid up in cotton ;  
 Its jewels all clean'd, and its gold in profusion,  
 Dress'd up for the day on a new velvet cushion.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> The first remark George IV. made on seeing his ancient regalia was, in a tone of surprise at the modern cushion, which had been intended as an embellishment in his Majesty's eyes, the old one, which was in existence before the Union, having been discarded, and consigned to the late Sir Alexander Keith, knight marshal, in whose house it still remains. The old novel of the Velvet Cushion had nothing in it more interesting than this ancient relic might relate of its own history. Sir Alexander Keith's castle of Dunottar was the last which capitulated to Oliver Cromwell, who carried on the siege with more vigour, from knowing that the Scottish regalia was concealed there. The place may yet be seen, under a ruinous stair-case, where these precious insignia were hid, until the clergyman's wife of that parish ingeniously contrived to carry them off in a fish-basket, being herself disguised. She buried them beneath the pulpit of the neighbouring church, where they remained many years unsuspected; as one of Lord Kintore's

Behold here the grandest of nature's displays,  
Hill, valley, and sea, stretch'd beneath the sun's rays ;  
While bridge over bridge, and tall spire above spire,<sup>1</sup>  
And street above street rose up higher and higher ;  
Yet far as the eye could perceive, and beyond,  
A crowd was there gather'd with cheers to respond ;  
'Mid booming of cannon and thundering cheers,  
Her Majesty standing by Mons Meg<sup>2</sup> appears ;  
A mile of white handkerchiefs waved then on high,  
The Queen herself raising her own in reply.

A million of voices rent wildly the air,  
A million of hats left their owners' heads bare ;  
The guns themselves scarcely were louder in tone,  
When firing their royal salute, twenty-one.  
Now ladies and lords cluster'd round the fair scene,  
And, gazing with awe, o'er the battlements lean.

---

family wrote a letter, on purpose that it might be intercepted, stating that the regalia had safely reached France. After meeting with so many adventures together, the cushion and jewels are now divorced.

<sup>1</sup> One peculiarity of Edinburgh consists in the number of bridges over dry land, several of which look down upon streets underneath, crowded with carriages and pedestrians. Opposite the post-office, and at other places, one bridge rises aloft like a triumphal arch, and another, far below, yet immediately underneath, is of the ordinary elevation.

<sup>2</sup> The oldest and largest cannon in Scotland.



A chair being summon'd in haste for the Queen,  
A drummer-boy brought one, all hurried and keen ;  
But seeing her Majesty fill'd him with dread,  
And casting the seat down, in panic he fled,  
Apparently fearing the Peers, where they trode,  
Like shells in a battery, all would explode.

Proceeding thro' Princes Street, there the hubbub  
Increas'd to a whirlwind beside the New Club ;  
Where ladies not black-ball'd, but guests for the day,  
Intrusionists all, gave their loudest " huzza !"  
A forty-mob pow'r, yet all vastly genteel,  
Hurra'd for Victoria, Prince Albert, and Peel :  
One hat, far more daring it seem'd than the rest,  
Fell prostrate before the Queen's feet all depress'd ;  
With grace to its owner the hat then she gave,  
Who vow'd he would wear it " when laid in his grave !"

Applauses reverberate, reaching the clouds,  
But strange, what a wardrobe's afloat in the crowds !  
A shoe near Sir Robert fell down from the air,  
A shoe which its owner might very well spare.

Now Peel, quite a stranger, was ne'er perhaps told  
The custom of kindness in Scotland of old,

When travellers depart, 'tis an omen of luck,  
By a show'r of old shoes, as they pass, to be struck.<sup>1</sup>

And so may good fortune attend his career,  
Success with exertion increase ev'ry year ;  
And missiles directed by folly or spite,  
Like fairy-gifts, turn to flow'rs before night.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> At every marriage in Scotland, all the old shoes in the family are precipitated after the happy pair ; but the origin of this ancient superstition is unknown, unless it be taken from "The old woman who lived in a shoe." Some amusing instances of the Premier's popularity now took place. One shop advertised, "Real Peel hams sold here ! Whigs and Radicals need not apply !"

The Earl of Liverpool, riding on horseback the previous morning along Princes Street, was mistaken for Sir Robert Peel. Hundreds assembled to cheer and shake hands with the Premier, when his Lordship, finding this outburst of enthusiasm rather inconvenient, and that none of his zealous applauders were willing to believe themselves mistaken, it is said that, with ready humour, he took out a packet of his own visiting cards, and distributed them among the crowd, none of whom had ever before been honoured by so great a man leaving cards with them, consequently the applauses were all directed to himself.

<sup>2</sup> A poor servant girl having been severely injured by the fall of a scaffold, her Majesty caused an inquiry to be made respecting the extent of the injury, most graciously intimating her intention to provide for the sufferer. The young woman's mistress, however, gratefully replied that she would herself do whatever might be necessary on the occasion,—a pledge it is to be hoped she may remember to act upon.

## CHAPTER VI.

London and death gar'd thee look doole,  
And hing thy head.

ALAN RAMSAY.

No inch of lace left, nor a feather in town,  
See Blackwood's all pillag'd of stores he'd brought down;  
And bandboxes fly swift as dust on the drives,  
While tir'd sleepless milliners stitch for their lives,  
And tailors, with frantic speed, day and night cut on,  
While scolded to death, if they place wrong a button.

No scene e'er in song or in poetry's known,  
More lovely and joyous than now brightly shone;  
Dalkeith's noble palace prepar'd for the court,  
Had realis'd all that was told by report.

A picture by Watteau seem'd brought on the stage,  
All started to life in fair nature's best page,



Yet never so gorgeous and dazzling a throng,  
Has appear'd upon canvass for centuries long.

The crush-room on opera nights seem'd display'd,  
In daylight, in sunshine, beneath the green shade,  
It look'd as if all had come there to be married,  
So gay and so fine were the guests where they tarried.  
'Mid forest and garden, 'mid valley and hill,  
Gay banners were streaming, the archers at drill;  
White tents glitter'd bright, on the short velvet sward,  
The band, too, perform'd with one loud accord;  
Dragoons there all mounted embellish'd the show;  
Six hundred "*new*" carriages all in a row,<sup>1</sup>  
Perhaps a few hacks! but to these don't allude,  
They humbly seem'd hoping they didn't intrude.

Processions so long are but slow to advance;  
Each carriage now seemed as if quite in a trance;  
While poles were all ready to skewer them behind,  
As birds on a spit, all in long line we bind.

---

<sup>1</sup> Some gentlemen walked along the whole line of carriages, an amusing inspection for those understanding heraldry, as such persons can never be at a loss for entertainment so long as a stand of hackney coaches may be seen.

Thus sitting three hours, as if settl'd for life,  
A scene's in each carriage of terror and strife!  
A million of wasps had come out for the day,  
Like some country guests, much too willing to stay.

As if open house had been kept in each chaise  
More wasps now than courtiers drive on in the maze,  
And men destroy'd three or four brace where they clung,  
While scream follow'd scream from the ladies *not* stung.

The only way left, a man's courage can shine  
In slaughtering wasps, when we breakfast or dine,  
And ladies who marry should closely inquire  
For high testimonials of those who aspire,  
That civil, obliging, and skilful to serve,  
For killing of wasps they're undaunted in nerve.

Here waiting to enter the audience hall,  
Or leaving again, without bonnet or shawl,  
A mob of lords, peeresses, knights, in gay mood,  
'Mid sunshine, *al fresco*, for pleasure all stood.

The ladies and officers all in court dress,  
A thousand were there, it is said,—more or less;  
In gay lively groups were they scatter'd around,  
Their bright showy dresses adorning the ground.

Flow'rs, jewels, and lace, in one brilliant confusion,  
Fine feathers and diamonds in splendid profusion,  
And damsels more lovely than flow'rs of the glen,  
Paraded with grace that defies the bold pen.

There foreigners wander'd beneath the tall trees  
Of antediluvian, high pedigrees;  
And strange was their dress, their appearance, and air,  
While orders, stars, ribbons, made ev'ry eye stare.

Of merit all Scotchmen have more than their share,  
But few constellations of stars do they wear;  
To gild a bright diamond were uselessly done—  
A candle who ever would hold to the sun!

The number of soldiers by magic's increas'd,  
Mere gentlemen now, major-gen'als at least!  
Lieutenancy dresses of scarlet and white,  
On amateur soldiers us'd little to fight;

---

<sup>1</sup> A curious incident occurred some years ago connected with the order of knighthood. A gentleman who was exceedingly ambitious to obtain that rank, wrote on his card, when presented to William IV. at a crowded drawing-room, "Mr —— to be knighted." The lord in waiting read this in an audible tone, when his Majesty, in the hurry of the moment, instantly borrowed a sword from the nearest officer, and performed the ceremony! The regulations made since in consequence of this successful manœuvre render that exploit now impossible.



One tripping and stumbling, kill'd by his own sword,  
Amusement and laughter unbounded afford!

Silk stockings and powder like footmen made some,  
Tho' few would have hir'd, were they willing to come;  
The talking and jesting meanwhile most amusing,  
The number of friends tho' extremely confusing,  
Who seem'd all in fancy costumes for the day,  
Affecting fine airs, as if hating to stay.

When dying with heat, some observ'd it was warm,  
While others predicted a grand thunder-storm.

"Dear sir! is this you? Yes! and "got up" so well,  
"Your best friends I'm sure, might all pass you pell-mell,  
"'Tis ages I know since you built a new coat,  
"The club knows your wardrobe long since all by rote;  
"A sight worth a shilling in me you have seen!  
"The sole Scotchman left who has ne'er seen the Queen."  
Another advances, stupendously great,  
In fashion's gay circle who glitters of late.

"My friend! are you here! why not send me a line  
"To say that all Scotchmen you meant to outshine?"

"Old fellow! how can you imagine the court  
"Could prosper unless I afford my support!

"The scene's not amiss! Pshaw! what could one expect!

"I wish tho' the levee appear'd more select!

"To such places surely no snobs need aspire!

"But Scotsmen distinguish'd, whom all men admire!

"That rule would keep most men away from the throne!

"I'd feel rather shy if presented *alone*!"

"Sir George Murray surely might stand by your side,

"Lord Haddington next, who commands o'er the tide,

"Name then—Jim Macdonald the ruler of fashion,

"And Gladstone forget not"—"Good sir! how you dash on,

"Such lions as these few and far between are;

"They never 'show' here! I'm a wandering star!

"But notes came from dukes, ladies, courtiers, and all,

"Declaring my presence would be a wind-fall!

"I'm torn all in pieces! I daily get thinner"—

"I wonder the Duke has not ask'd you to dinner?"

"One can't be made common!—one must be select!

"To dine out so far is too much to expect!—

"Buccleugh is my friend, and he does the thing well,

"I'm glad that to one I approve of it fell!"

"To Taymouth you're going of course now direct?"

"No! no! I took nearly a week to reflect!



“ They’d force me to dance reels, to shoot, and to sing,

“ Those half-savage Highlanders must have their fling!

“ I shrink from their music!—detestable trash!

“ The drums of my ears endure none but Lablache.

“ Provided they’d spare one the haggis and brose,

“ I’d tolerate kilts, claymores, whisky, and hose.

“ One hates all that fuss! Pshaw, the thing is a bore,

“ I’ll drop in some day when an hour I’ve in store.

“ Prince Albert, if told I was not to be there,

“ Would change his mind too, and go home in despair.

“ When ent’ring the levee, before I arrive,

“ The Duke tell I’m coming, tho’ not before five.

“ The half-price I like best!—The Prince and Buccleugh

“ Would guess I’ll be latest, for that’s nothing new.

“ Those early hours kill me! ’Tis cruelty quite,

“ To animals, making us rise in the night!

“ What lady all jewels comes now near the tent?

“ The queen she’s of diamonds to ev’ry intent!

“ Why! Rundell and Bridge will be jealous I fear :

“ A nobleman’s lady—made lately a peer.

“ That lady you see now in beetle’s wings dress’d,

“ No wings does she need, springing highest and best

- “ In reels from to-day till next year she could dance,  
“ Unexcell’d in the Highlands, Almack’s, or in France.<sup>1</sup>  
“ Her Grace of Argyll, who enlivens the court,  
“ Has good-humour’d ease and gay wit as her forte;  
“ Accustom’d her dignity well to preserve,  
“ She gives to old friends what old friends all deserve.  
“ That lady in velvet at this time of year!  
“ What more can she wear when cold winter draws near!  
“ I’d know the old gown, without seeing herself,  
“ She’s pretty indeed!—quite a fairy-like elf!  
“ Lady Janet advances with dignified grace,  
“ Descended in line from an old Scottish race,  
“ Inherits her parent’s good feelings and worth,  
“ A heart always warm, though come far from the north.<sup>2</sup>  
“ How splendid that Brussels lace hung over pink;  
“ That dress might buy up ev’ry dress here, I think.  
“ When others to rival such taste now are willing,  
“ They’ll be no more like than a guinea a shilling.

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<sup>1</sup> One of the illustrious strangers remarked, on leaving Scotland, that the three most surprising things she had seen were Taymouth, Dunkeld, and this lady’s beautiful dancing.

<sup>2</sup> The earldom of Caithness is the oldest, descended in the male line from peers, in all Scotland.

- “ If taxes be levell’d on beauty, we guess  
“ Who’s ruin’d in daughters,—so fair all confess.  
“ This very old lady, dress’d young, I declare  
“ Would look well with teeth, eyes, complexion, and hair.  
“ The officer next, with his small son and heir,  
“ Seems busy’s a hen with one chicken to rear.  
“ Craigforth to the scene has a lovely star lent;  
“ Sure Guido alone could such features have dreamt—  
“ Of nature’s nobility charter’d that face,  
“ Entangl’d in drap’ry of ringlets and lace.  
“ How well looks that peer, in bright tartan all strip’d!  
“ He dances the best, to whom fortune has pip’d.  
“ This *nouveau-riche*, strutting so fine in the crowd,  
“ Reminds one how beggars on horseback are proud;  
“ But these shilling-gallery people are few—  
“ He’d suit well a title extinct now—Lord *Hoo*!<sup>1</sup>  
“ See twenty-odd people in tartan and hose—  
“ Such owlets grown eagles!—such *non comme il faut*!  
“ Except for the clans truly tartan’s disgusting,  
“ Our tailors and mercers seem wond’rously trusting!

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<sup>1</sup> There really was such a peerage once.



" That foreign-like snob, with mustachios and frills,

" Three farthings a-year pay his quarterly bills!

" This exotic fine beau, strutting on thro' the grass,

" With box-lobby air, a light guinea would pass.

" See! feathers like pens on an inkstand all soil'd—

" Attempts such as these to reach court should be foil'd!

" The Morning Post hardly will spell ev'ry name,

" Yet some there are here, most deserving of fame.

" The army and navy list nearly complete

" Each clever Scotch member who stands for a seat.

" Six Provosts all up in good time for the *melée*,

" With one Bailie Black, and another *Old Bailey*;<sup>1</sup>

" A few I detect here I cannot support,

" Who, Jones-like, have come thro' the chimney to court!

" See good sort of people, a reg'ment at least,

" From whom there's no rudeness can get one releas'd;

" 'A wealth'<sup>2</sup> of young ladies in tulle over satin,

" Of 'rising young men,' hundreds deep read in Latin!

---

<sup>1</sup> The designation of Bailie, given to the second class of magistrates in Scotland, is derived from Bailiffs to the old abbeys.

<sup>2</sup> A Scotch phrase for a very great number.



“ What music, what dancing, what learning and lore,

“ That can't to the Queen be display'd here in store !

“ If mothers might stop their perfections to tell,

“ 'Twould occupy more than three weeks at a spell.

“ The drawing-room's ready ! we'll now be produc'd,

“ My turn has arriv'd, see ! to be introduc'd !

“ Those archers on guard, and those lords in the way,

“ Have chas'd all my courage and nerve quite away !

“ It seems like the scaffold,—the culprit myself ;

“ Who e'er thought that I'd be so frighten'd an elf !

“ A tooth-drawing scene's a mere trifle to this !

“ Or ent'ring a show'r-bath, to pull the string—bliss !

“ My cousin all *gaucherie*'s equally loathe !

“ Do tell him, which knee should he kneel on,—or both ?

“ That cock'd hat,—ah ! now, be distinct when you say,

“ The bow, should he turn next the arm, or away ?

“ Is ' exit upon our knees ' then the intent ?

“ My card to Prince Albert, too, shall I present ?

“ Then hurried up stairs at a rocket-like speed,

“ Each tongue gives advice while all racing they lead.

"Make haste! right-hand glove off? make haste! do not

"stand!

"Make haste! go up stairs, and then kiss the Queen's hand;

"Make haste! but take care of your bag and your sword;

"Make haste! pray, look sharp!<sup>1</sup> nor a moment afford!

"Make haste! but now don't look in quite such a flurry!

"Make haste, I entreat, but don't be in a hurry."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Look sharp," a Scotch expression for using the utmost possible speed. A Scottish gentleman, waiting impatiently once for a young peer of great abilities, who had the one only deficiency of not rising till mid-day, said at last to his Lordship's English valet, "Do persuade your master to look sharp, and get up." "Why, sir!" was the reply, "his Lordship *looks very sharp*, but he'll not rise for an hour!"

<sup>2</sup> There was an absolute necessity for considerable alacrity on this occasion, as parties could only be received in detachments, when they alighted at the door, owing to the immense concourse of people who could not at once be accommodated in even the very largest private house. Nothing could exceed the politeness and attention of the archers on guard, whose extreme haste was entirely on account of their anxiety not to prolong her Majesty's fatigue, though it certainly injured the grace of several presentations, when ladies found themselves unexpectedly in the Royal presence, before they were aware. One young damsel, believing herself in an ante-room, was in the act of most deliberately shaking her skirt, and pulling out her sleeves, when she suddenly discovered that all her preparations were taking place within sight of the whole court. As an instance how very easily misapprehensions arise, it may be mentioned, that one of the archers on duty was in the act of handing his aunt down stairs, and a rallying conversation between them having been heard by some matter-of-fact listeners, not aware of the relationship, in which he jestingly threatened not to call her carriage, they gave out that one of the archers had been very rude to an old lady!

## CHAPTER VII.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,  
A thronging scene of figures bright,  
As when the setting sun has given  
Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
And from their tissue fancy frames  
Aerial knights, and fairy dames.

SCOTT.

August was that scene, when the presence we enter'd,  
And raising our eyes now, one passing glance ventur'd ;  
'Twas not the bright circle of talent and rank ;  
Mere splendour and pageantry there seem'd a blank.

'Mid all that is greatest and noblest in man,  
Frail mortals they are who exist but a span ;  
For better and deeper emotions the time,  
For man's highest feelings,—the moral sublime.

Yes ! there stood the Monarch, by God's own decree !  
From rev'rence to whom now no Christian is free ;



The Scriptures commanding, in earliest days,  
Obedience to kings, when our Maker we praise.

So young ! yet there stands the strong bond that unites  
Ten thousands and thousands enjoying their rights ;  
Her reign bringing freedom and safety around  
To all who by law's sacred ties remain bound.

So young ! each may hope, while his own life remains,  
Those years shall be rul'd by the Sov'reign who reigns ;  
Perhaps not himself long to stay on this scene,  
He prays while he lives for his country and Queen.

So young ! yet involved in the deepest of cares,  
For thousands unnumber'd, whose welfare she shares,  
Her fiat decisive in highest of stages,  
On subjects perplexing to statesmen and sages.

So young ! yet undazzl'd by pow'r or by state,  
Her heart, may it seek her God early and late ;  
That she who obeys none on earth, a long span,  
May live favour'd by God, and belov'd, too, by man.

The names that adorn'd her ancestors' court,  
With pristine allegiance the throne yet support ;  
When James the V.th's nobles attended his levee,  
This congress of titles appeared in the bevy.



“The Douglas !” full oft for the Stuarts they bled,  
 To scaffold or battle-field fiercely they led !  
 Each foe to the crown for their blood was athirst.  
 The Duke he’s of Dukes, and in Scotland the first ;<sup>1</sup>  
 “Jamais arrière” be still Hamilton’s cry,  
 If danger to crown or to country come nigh.

See Campbell’s high chieftain, the noble Argyll,  
 So loyal his house, yet above courtly wile ;<sup>2</sup>  
 The great Duke remember’d in Scotland for ever,  
 A name from Scotch records now nothing can sever.  
 If aught need be told, his high deeds to explain,  
 Then hist’ry itself has been written in vain.

Lord Lorne, “A peer’s son,”<sup>3</sup> well known as an author,  
 Intrusionists here all may veto each other ;

<sup>1</sup> His Grace has three dukedoms, Hamilton, Chatelherault, and Brandon, and frequently signs himself merely “H. C. & B.,” which occasioned considerable perplexity in former years to some of his correspondents.

<sup>2</sup> When George II.’s Queen contemptuously asked the “great Duke of Argyll what sort of people Highland lairds were, he answered, “Like German princes—very poor, and very proud !” On her afterwards threatening in anger to turn Scotland into a hunting-field, his Grace replied significantly, “Then, please your Majesty, I shall get my hounds ready to meet you !”

<sup>3</sup> The appellation he assumed on the title page of his pamphlet respecting the Scotch Church.

This young Highland chief, a keen sportsman and scholar,  
Has studied each subject of thought worth a dollar,  
Disputed discussions well fitted to seize,  
And lead in debate at "the House" if he please.

Next Morton, a title of deathless old fame,  
The regent and chanc'llor exalted that name,  
"The flow'r of old chivalry,"—friend of Queen Mary,  
The keys of Loch Leven who took all unwary;  
Then Douglas' Larder was known well in story,  
Which visitors yet may find all in its glory.

Dalhousie, his castle as old as his name,<sup>1</sup>  
His learning and eloquence brilliant in fame.

Lord Eglinton, once the gay tournament's king,  
Made Britain herself with loud clarions ring;

---

<sup>1</sup> These are not the first lines in which the Dalhousie family have been *immortalized*. All have heard those which were so proverbially celebrated,

—— Great Dalhousie, god of war,  
Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Mar.

Dalhousie Castle was honoured by a visit from her Majesty, and also in former times entertained her predecessor, Richard of England. It is one of the most venerable fortresses in Scotland; the walls so thick that they are a perfect mass of stone, in which rooms and passages have been excavated, while the foundations are most curious and romantic.

But here, his ambition still higher he aims,  
The true Queen herself now his best homage claims.

Old Scotland may proudly contemplate her sons,  
Whose talent and courage no enterprise shuns;  
With chivalrous loyalty worthy the time,  
When tourney and knighthood were still in their prime.

Aberdeen, the Scotch Kirk's earnest friend in its need,<sup>1</sup>  
To "Haddo's Hole" some would now send him indeed;  
Those preachers whose pow'rs almost rouse from the dead,  
Yet Sampson-like pull down the Church o'er their head.

Were Muir but their leader, he'd free them from strife,  
Conversion, not faction the aim of his life;  
To whom the good Bishop exclaim'd in his glee,  
"My apron alone makes us diff'rent, I see."

Lord Melville, a name heard by Scots with elation,  
From father to son both esteem'd in the nation;

---

<sup>1</sup> In 1643, the ancestor of Lord Aberdeen defended Kellie against the Covenanters, but, being obliged to capitulate, he was sent to Edinburgh, and imprisoned in a church there, which afterwards bore the name of "Haddo's Hole." He was subsequently tried, condemned, and executed at the cross of Edinburgh, in 1644.

<sup>2</sup> This is believed to have been said to Dr Muir at the end of a long conversation on creeds and doctrines with the Bishop of Exeter.



Tho' wielding no longer the helm here alas !

What name yet more cherish'd than that of Dundas.<sup>1</sup>

Buccleuch, like his ancestors gen'rous and loyal,  
 Descended from Monmouth, the bold and the royal ;  
 To serve or assist, ev'ry effort he lends,  
 His Queen and his country, his faith and his friends.

The Duchess,—t'would baffle a far higher muse,  
 To say half she merits, in language profuse;  
 But Scott long since mourning one lovely Buccleuch,  
 Sung praises, alike to both Duchesses due.

What high testimonial can Scotland provide,  
 Or when shall her gratitude ever subside,  
 To those who attracted our Queen on this shore,  
 A visit all hope she may early encore.

---

<sup>1</sup> It was long before the common people in Scotland could prevail upon themselves to give their favourite statesman Lord Melville, any other designation than "Harry Dundas," and when a vote was passed once in Parliament, gratifying to himself individually, a compliment was paid to him by his grateful countrymen, for which there is no precedent,—the city of Edinburgh was illuminated.

When the statue of George IV. was first raised in sight of Lord Melville's, but standing lower, an amusing dialogue was published, supposed to take place between the two monuments, beginning with an exclamation from the King, "Ah! Harry! are you up there."



The newspapers might become jealous, 'tis fear'd,  
 If catalogues full, on these pages appear'd;  
 Describing at length, all in Morning Post phrase,  
 The nobles and commons inspiring our lays

Lords Liverpool, Hopetoun, Scott, Selkirk, and Lauderdale,  
 Primrose Lord Roseb'ry,—the Thane too of Cawdor;  
 A chess-board besides, of knight, bishop, and pawn,  
 With many, like limpets on rocks, to court drawn.

There's —— a true Scotsman for "boo-ing and boo-ing!"  
 When thus at the Court he arrives humbly suing;  
 To *look* at his bows, brings a crick in the neck,  
 A plaister we'll need soon!—do give him a check;  
 A sad button-holder, of time quite a thief,  
 His story's as long as an advocate's *brief*.

Here's Alison, first of historians and writers,  
 As sheriff, a hero 'mid colliers and fighters;  
 Our bishop whose talents adorn his station,  
 Dean Ramsay, well-known and admir'd in the nation.

Next comes Patrick Robertson, grave as a *Judge*,<sup>1</sup>  
 The master of wit, jest, humour, and fudge;

---

<sup>1</sup> Coming events cast their shadows before.

Draws tears, smiles, and verdicts from juries at will,  
While sombre himself, he all others can kill.

Like diamond cut diamond, here Wilson he hails,  
Their humour bespangl'd with wit that ne'er fails;  
Their eagle-ey'd genius no stranger may scan,  
The brighter their humour, the graver the man.  
Here Allan, whose Turkish scenes give such delight,  
Is made now at length *an Arabian knight!*

Another behold there, about to take leave,  
Who laughs very often, but laughs in his sleeve!

There's Chalmers,<sup>1</sup> whose pow'rs are like lightning and  
thunder,  
To fill ev'ry heart with awe, terror, and wonder!  
Behold how a hundred good churches he's rear'd!  
While ev'ry true Scotsman his name feels endear'd.

Sir Andrew Agnew, the great Sabbath's true friend,  
With railway success, may his bill gain its end;

---

<sup>1</sup> Dr Chalmers had occasion to enter the Queen's presence three different times that day, with different deputations; or, as he himself expressed it in his own picturesque phraseology, he "made three orbits round her Majesty."



Sir Philip, tho' drown'd once,<sup>1</sup> here glitters in stars,  
Quite fit for a combat, if England had wars.

Three nabobs come, hot and hot home from the East,  
A Belzoni who walk'd to Madras once at least;  
There's Dwarkanoth Tajore, an Indian chief,  
A Rothschild worth millions, who dare not eat beef!<sup>2</sup>  
Has thousands of muslin'd attendants abroad,  
Could pay off the national debt without fraud;  
A Leicester in manners,—a Croesus in wealth,  
A Howard in alms, and a Jephson in health;  
No Christian, alas! but says "texts do no harm,"  
His boys all may read them,—he sees not the charm.

---

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir Philip Durham, when a midshipman, went down in the Royal George, but he came up again, as safely as if it had been a mere diving-bell. His family continued for some time almost incredulous respecting the possibility of his having been preserved.

<sup>2</sup> When this distinguished stranger called at a gentleman's house in Edinburgh, the host snatched up a round of beef and carried it himself out of the room, believing him to be a Brahmin, which is not actually the case. So distinguished was his reception in London, that he was in the act of sitting down to an entertainment with the Lord Mayor, when her Majesty's commands arrived for him to dine that day at the palace, upon which he got into the nearest gentleman's carriage, and arrived in time not to be quite too late. He crossed the desert in his own carriage and four, with twelve servants following,—not therefore taking it quite so easily as a Parsee from Bombay, who lately travelled the whole way in a minibus.

See Englishmen blazing in tartan and silk,  
M'Seymours, M'Fitzroys,—and each of that ilk;  
Fair welcome all strangers, to Scotia's bright noon,  
May all those who like her not, leave her full soon.

But Scotch hospitality long be renown'd !  
Here friendship and loyalty ever be found,  
Here learning and wisdom continue to thrive,  
Here honest intentions remain yet alive;  
And best of all, Scotland preserve her good name,  
For quietness, peace, and devotion's pure flame.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### HIGHLAND PREPARATIONS.

He wears a broad sword by his side,  
And weel he kens to draw that ;  
The target and the Highland plaid,  
The shoulder-belt and a' that.

JACOBITE SONG.

The Land of Cakes rings with the bagpipe's shrill sound,  
Awak'ning each echo on mountains around ;  
While hill calls to hill, yet repeating that strain,  
“ The chieftains have muster'd their clans once again ! ”  
No fiery-red cross glances fiercely abroad !  
No pibrochs of strife to the battle-field goad ;  
That signal speaks joy and impatient delight,  
Resounding in peals from each valley and height.

Yet strange ! ev'ry hamlet and glen is astir !  
Old banners are glancing thro' forests of fir ;  
Bold Highlanders rushing by dingle and dell,  
To meet the brave chieftains their fathers lov'd well.

Encampments are cresting each cliff and each brae ;  
While clansmen seem arming for fiercest affray ;  
Each carries his broadsword, all mark'd with the stains  
His forefathers reap'd on Culloden's red plains.

Now those are assembl'd whose ancestors died  
The Stuart's old line to maintain in its pride ;  
And see ! the same loyalty brings them afar,  
To welcome its advent in Brunswick's fair star.

Those sons of the hill, in allegiance found,  
Their names are all old as the mountains around ;  
Their hearts full as firm, their sentiments high,  
No monarch more cherish'd beneath the bright sky.

The proud Highland lairds all speak proudly to-night,  
Their eagle-plumes wave ere their Sov'reign's in sight ;  
Each mountain-home welcomes her step on the heather ;  
Fair homage to pay all around their chief gather.

Till now all their monarchs seem'd cockneys at best,  
From London to Windsor revolving at rest ;

Like pendulums moving unseen in their cases,  
Or studying life at the Doncaster races.

But now ev'ry chivalrous feeling's awake,  
Their cheers for Victoria the hills around shake ;  
And proudly they mount the blue bonnet and feather,  
Ah ! would she but stay 'mid their hills altogether.

The Sov'reign herself draws all sympathy nearest,  
Thus viewing those scenes to the Highlander dearest ;  
And knowing full well all the pleasures of home,  
Its peace carries with her wherever she roam.

'Mid the pomp and the splendour of earthly renown,  
'Mid the cares and the tumults attending a crown,  
While living for thousands, and seeking their weal,  
Domestic enjoyment her happiness seal.

Fair nature to art, ah ! who would not prefer,  
And joys of excitement or fashion defer ;  
To view here the sons of the Gael and the heather,  
To see the brave clans as in old days together,  
To mingle with those whose romantic devotion  
Would lead them to death without fear or emotion.

But swords are all turning to plough-shares at last,  
Their feuds and their carnage a tale of the past ;



Serene now the landscape beneath the sun's ray,  
And silent the mountain in summer's bright day.

No music but echo 'mid valley and cave,  
The breeze sweeping gently o'er streamlet and wave ;  
As fairy-ton'd harps the soft murmurs expire,  
All Ossian-like breathing in nature's own choir.

The moor-cock and red deer adorning each braise,  
The clear river flowing, all sparkling and gay,  
The lav'rock and blackbird their loudest note singing,  
And cries from the heronry round the glen ringing.

But louder than all, hear the bugle's high tone !  
Each chieftain assembling the clan all his own ;  
Glenlyon, Breadalbane, and Mansfield are there,  
The royal reception in haste to prepare.

The blackcock may rest undisturb'd on each hill,  
The red deer now ranges the forest at will ;  
While peaceful and silent is ev'ry far glen,  
And Albyn's brave sons have all muster'd their men.

One noble young chief now advis'd by a friend,  
His health, alas ! injur'd, his life he might end,  
Replies in a spirit of chivalry keen,  
" If I die the next hour, let me welcome my Queen."



The dark walls of Dupplin begin to look gay,  
 Accustom'd to frown long on feast or on fray ;  
 Those hoary old tow'rs now both angry and vex'd-to-see  
 Such crowding and cheering, such joy and such ecstasy.

Count fifty upholst'ers at Scone in employ,<sup>1</sup>  
 A squadron of tenants for royal convoy ;  
 The gravel-walks roll'd night and day without rest,  
 A thousand tall clansmen in Lincoln green dress'd ;  
 Their gloves<sup>2</sup> of pure white, which they wear all the day,  
 And half-a-crown nightly receive as their pay ;  
 A thousand new sinecures ! What will Hume say ?  
 A Tory lord, too ! He'll be filled with dismay !  
 Baronial splendour he cannot admire ?  
 And glancing at " estimates " makes him expire ?

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<sup>1</sup> As the great object of political economy is to equalize the distribution of wealth, whatever draws forth that which the rich can perfectly afford and distributes it among the industrious poor, may be considered a general benefit ; and thus her Majesty's appearance in the Highlands has been a source of extreme advantage in even the remotest districts.

<sup>2</sup> An old Scotch servant wishing to intimate, some time ago, that she had laboured long enough, and expected to retire on a pension, informed her mistress that she thought it time now " to put on her gloves." Being informed that this proposal was quite premature and unreasonable, she observed, in a tone of resignation, " Then, ma'am, I must fight on with you another six months."

Accustom'd to royal society, Scone  
 Had furbish'd her old court apartments full soon ;  
 But jealous that Taymouth was newer and smarter,  
 To follow the fashion became quite a martyr.

Soft damask seats now have replac'd the cold stone,  
 Once kept there in state for the Monarch alone ;  
 The work of Queen Mary, asham'd to be seen,  
 Is scarcely deem'd fit now to cover a screen.

Two palaces stand at Dunkeld all dismay'd,  
 The old one, an ancestor frail and decay'd ;  
 The new, stopp'd in growth, once a rising young heir,  
 A prodigy seem'd, but whose friends now despair ;  
 A premature ruin, cold roofless, and bare,  
 At which the sad trav'lers all mournful stare.<sup>1</sup>

The old Dukes despotic, their clans might immure up,  
 Were cousins to ev'ry crown'd head in all Europe ;

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<sup>1</sup> When the afflicting news arrived of the late Duke of Atholl's demise, the new palace was instantly stopped in its progress, the 500 workmen dispersed, and from that hour, not a stroke has been heard among the deserted walls. A more strange and melancholy spectacle than it now presents can scarcely be imagined. It is not a ruin,—it is not a house. All seems fresh, new, and magnificent, yet the spectator feels conscious, amid surrounding desolation, that some great calamity has occurred, and he speaks almost in



May Birnham wood march to Dunsinane again,  
Ere Murray's long line cease in that wide domain.

Now gallant Glenlyon his Atholl-men rallies,  
The tallest in Scotland, no laggard there tarries;<sup>1</sup>  
Had Fred'rick of Prussia beheld such a corps,  
No pay he'd have grudg'd to enlist the whole score.

Five thousand miles trav'ling it well would repay,  
To witness for one hour such gallant array;  
What nature, what art, and what man can achieve,  
With old Highland welcome the Queen to receive.

Craig Ninian's gigantic head proudly is rear'd,  
The King's-pass a monarch of high-roads appear'd;  
While Tay's flood runs clear as a bright precious jewel,  
How diff'rent from south'rn streams,—mud all and gruel.

But who would compare the dull Tiber to Tay,  
That wild rushing stream thro' the mountains away;

---

whispers, while pointing to the splendid arches, windows, and doors, the half-chiselled stones, the bare red rock, and the workmens' sheds surrounded by long grass and weeds, which grow all untrodden in the deep solitude and silence of this death-like scene.—*Scotland and the Shetlanders*, vol. ii. p. 366.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Leeds had a following of twelve Highlanders from Dunblane, every man six feet four, who might perhaps have disputed the supremacy with the celebrated "men of Atholl."

Where trees, hills, and banks, in bright mirror immers'd,  
A world seems in fragments, all strangely revers'd.

A tent now arises in splendour and state,  
Well fitted to deck out a Morning-Post fête;  
While Gunter himself has from London been brought,  
To fetch fruit and ices from town hot and hot!

It seem'd not in nature and art to excel,  
What Scone and Dunkeld had achiev'd both so well;  
While Taymouth itself might have stood quite appall'd,  
But magic itself sure Breadalbane has call'd;  
And pow'rful the fairies who work here his will,  
On castle, on cottage, on mountain, and hill.

Cind'rella's old grandmother gave her, on marriage,  
Four mice become horses, and pumpkins a carriage;  
But here, the gigantic hills' marvellous heights  
Make men look like atoms, and animals mites.

When Rasselas liv'd in his valley of peace,  
The only fault was, he had too long a lease!  
But those who see Taymouth, declare they could stay,  
For year after year, and but think it a day.

"Ah see!" cried a Scotchman, with sly knowing wink,  
"How little our Queen will of Windsor now think!"



“ And then our Scotch opera-dancing below,  
“ No Elslar on earth could a Highland fling show !  
“ The Houlakin too! and that shuffling on swords !  
“ Tho’ I, for myself, prefer common deal boards.”

’Tis “ guest day” within Taymouth Castle indeed,  
See hundreds of clansmen on ev’ry road speed;  
The autocrat reigning o’er village and glen,  
Invites, feeds, and clothes nearly two thousand men.<sup>2</sup>

Aladdin gave new lamps for old ones ’tis true,  
And many prefer much old castles to new;  
But Taymouth displays *nouvissima* style,  
To walk round the walls would be nearly a mile.

The old house, when massacr’d, left yet a room,  
Where long the bold knights of Lochawe hung in gloom;

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<sup>1</sup> A dance is performed by the Highlanders, requiring extraordinary precision and agility, with sharp swords crossed on the floor, between the edges of which all their most difficult steps must be performed. It is reported that several of the best performers have been engaged for the opera in London, Paris, and Vienna, to exhibit a specimen of their powers.

<sup>2</sup> An English Peer who was present at the reception of George IV. in Scotland, exclaimed in astonishment, “Surely never had monarch such a welcome before!” but it is now universally allowed, that those who did not witness the Queen’s reception in the Highlands have seen *nothing!*

Their portraits yet frowning where once they had reign'd,  
Apart from the fashions and hours they disdain'd.

But wonders arise now in ten thousand ways,  
And changes these ancients would certainly praise;  
A grim smile steals over their dark gloomy features,  
While thus they behold those around them new creatures.

Once more there's the splendour of lordship and wealth,  
Good hours which contribute so vastly to health;  
An army of Campbells all met in attendance,  
While now in Strath Tay all the women and men dance.  
The bagpipes sound frantic with glee and delight,  
And clansmen assemble to feed or to fight.

Sure Sardinapalus himself had not scorn'd  
The hundred apartments in Taymouth adorn'd;  
Rich carvings of oak, in the Baron's great hall,  
From ancient cathedrals seem brought at a call.

The cornices round, all be-deck'd with the shields  
Of ancestors knighted in sieges and fields;  
Their old flags of victory hanging on high,  
Their portraits yet claiming a Highlander's sigh.

The dim-colour'd light of the many-stain'd glass,  
The noble old armour of iron and brass;

All relics that tell, how in old days of yore,  
Each chief was a monarch,—and sometimes yet more.

Long centuries past, men have studied intent,  
New lux'ries daily with skill to invent;  
See Harlequin's wand here at once introduce  
Such splendour as monarchs might proudly produce.

Like Vauxhall<sup>1</sup> the park all with coloured lamps hung,  
In Perthshire a novelty ne'er before sung;  
While rooms all white satin, put on their court dress,  
Gold hangings, and mirrors the eyes to oppress;  
And lights gleaming red from each casement afar,  
Prepare all their homage for Brunswick's bright star.

A new House of Lords here, if men don't tell fables,  
No commoner seen now except at side tables;  
And all would be welcome, Dukes, Viscounts, and Earls,  
If gold could be eaten, or Queens yet drank pearls.

Her Majesty, did she in good season come,  
Is ask'd to plant trees near Breadalbane's new home;

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<sup>1</sup> An English servant was heard to exclaim in accents of enthusiastic admiration, "His lordship has made a perfect Wauxhall of Taymouth!"



A living pledge rais'd in posterity's eyes,  
That faithful allegiance at Taymouth ne'er dies.

A spade of red velvet and gold shall be brought,  
A new king of spades! ah! how happy the thought;  
And o'er the damp lawn shall a carpet be set,  
For Shakespeare declar'd once that "rain's always wet."<sup>1</sup>

There should, too, be gold dust procur'd for that end,  
Not common earth! No, would the Queen condescend?  
Elysium's gilt boughs once to bliss all brought near,  
That bough and the olive-branch welcome her here.

A picture by Mytons at Holyrood shows us,  
How Charles and his Queen were show'r'd over with roses,  
And thus when her Majesty walks in the morn,  
May flow'rs all beset her path, wearing no thorn.

Right early she'll break from her short-liv'd repose,  
To taste the perfume of the wild thyme and rose,  
Admiring to gaze on the brown mountain side,  
And visit the ptarmigan's station of pride.

The spectral-like hills clad in drap'ries of mist;  
The rocks sheath'd in foam that for ever exist;

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<sup>1</sup> "The property of rain is to wet."—SHAKESPEARE.



The gold-blossom'd whin<sup>1</sup> scents the gale as it flies  
Athwart the wild glen where the blue bells arise.

His eyry aloft the royal eagle forsakes,  
To breast the dark cloud his bold flight when he takes;  
The wild capercaillie,<sup>2</sup> the cock of the wood,  
Crows loud, shrill, and high, from the rock where he stood.

The rowan-tree hanging its berries of red,  
The weeping-birch drooping its graceful tall head;  
Ah! where such a scene could one "ditto" again,  
Here words become nothing,—it baffles the pen.

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<sup>1</sup> One of the most beautiful scenes near Dunkeld was a hill completely covered with one mass of golden whins, among which hundreds of people were seated in gay and gaudy dresses. The effect was most singular and most beautiful.

<sup>2</sup> This rare and splendid bird lives almost entirely on spruce firs, and when Lord Breadalbane lately imported about a hundred of them from Sweden, it is said that they nearly all emigrated to the forests of a neighbouring proprietor. One of those shot by Prince Albert, having been sent to Edinburgh to be stuffed, the person entrusted with that operation was offered by a lady any money for a single feather that might fall out by accident.

## CHAPTER X.

### A TALE OF THE CASTLE.

“ This is no my ain house,  
I ken by the biggin’ o’t.”

JACOBITE SONG.

Lord Willoughby next, all in loyal haste summon’d  
An inquest to sit on the Castle of Drummond,  
Three times was it burned and completely destroy’d,  
Yet here stands a remnant no flames have annoy’d.

Had old Caleb Balderstone set it on fire,  
Still Phoenix-like, burning, it ne’er would expire,  
For Cromwell and Cumberland ages since tried it,  
But flames on that ancient keep scarcely then dried it.

A quarry of stone might as soon be consum’d,  
Then how shall its old grandeur now be resum’d?  
The rooms few and small, though yet great in renown,  
The stairs steep and narrow, no two can go down;

Her Majesty, then, who could hand in to dinner,  
Unless more than mortal he's slighter and thinner;  
Lord —— though for once might be brought by express,  
And look the thing well, in a new Highland dress.

Old Rome was not built in a day, as we're told,  
But slowly indeed things progress'd then of old;  
As Longwood pass'd over the seas in a trice,  
None need now Aladdin to give his advice,  
But here Fortunatus's purse can do all,  
Each pow'r, but of gold, going fast to the wall.

A palace shall rise, as in pantomimes prais'd,  
A ready-made street all from London be rais'd,  
And,—fashion consulted,—the old tow'r may bind  
A new wing, fix'd on like a bustle behind.

Enchanted rich gardens Armida possess'd,  
Yet nothing to those here so skilfully dress'd:<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> It is generally acknowledged that Drummond Castle has the finest gardens in Scotland, and travellers have been heard to say that none are equal to them in Europe. The view is almost unrivalled, and they are varied with specimens of sculpture, and old-fashioned yews cut into the most fantastic forms. A new idea in gardening has been lately introduced by a lady in the north, who has laid out her flower-beds to imitate her jewel-box, with a Maltese cross of verbena, surrounded by a necklace of pansies, and earrings of salvia or violets, &c.

What flow'rs in all Britain with these may compare,  
The trees grown for centuries, ancient and rare;  
Dark German-like forests of countless old date,  
The yew-hedges cut like a rope-walk, so straight,  
The terraces hanging like Babylon's high;  
A ninth wonder shown here which none can out-vie.

“Ah? well done old Scotland!” a stranger exclaim'd,  
Beholding its landscapes thus bold and untam'd.

While florists of skill now have rich orange bow'rs,  
Or scentless exotics engrossing their pow'rs;  
The fuschia and cactus demanding their care,  
Or calceolarias gigantic and rare,  
Far sweeter the woodbine all gemm'd by the dew,  
The hawthorn-tree scattering its odours anew,  
Stocks, wallflow'rs, and violets on valley and hill,  
Then useless the trophies of culture and skill.

Italians may boast that their Claud Lorraine suns  
Rise and set in a blaze which the aching eye shuns,  
Untarnish'd by mist in the wide vault of blue,  
The air, sea, and sky all one deep azure hue.

But where shine such skies as the skies we behold,  
In Scotia's rich twilight, grand, glowing, and bold,



Her rainbow's sublime, and her clouds drench'd in fire,  
Her northern lights, like a funeral pyre.

And where are such castles, each made to contain  
Nine times more kind friends than they're built to maintain,  
While letters come pouring, received now in gloom,  
From guests all in haste, and bespeaking full room.

"We'll not be particular! give us each two,  
"And garrets for man and maid perfectly do."  
"Ah! catch tho' your garret!" the host himself cried,  
"Shall Tony's two chairs and a bolster be tried?"

## CHAPTER XI.

### CHIT-CHAT.

“ They sing, inspired with mirth and joy,  
Like sky-larks in the air,  
Of solid sense or thought that's grave  
You'll find no traces there.

YOUNG TAMLANE.

“ And tho' they had sitten seven year,  
They ne'er had talk'd their fill.

OLD BALLAD.

Each house now is crowded from cellar to ceiling,  
Pervaded alike by one gay joyous feeling;  
From England and Ireland, north, east, south, and west,  
Invited or not, hurries guest after guest.

For shooting and fishing the gentlemen come,  
While Misses take airings—not perfectly dumb,  
But deeply discussing with friends at their leisure,  
The court coming north, and their own future pleasure.

"O dear! did I ever!" exclaim English ladies,

"Such hills!—but I wonder on earth where my plaid is!"

"One can't but immensely admire this long drive!"

"The Queen must set off first, before she arrive!"

"The shops look'd in Perth really decent enough!"

"I thought they sold nothing but tartan and stuff!"

"We heard pins and needles could scarcely be bought there!"

"That gloves, shoes, and ribbons might vainly be sought  
there!"

"How kind of her Majesty coming so far!"

"I wonder these bare mountains were not a bar!"

"'Twas well we arriv'd now, tho' once most averse,"

"These hills remain always—the clans will disperse."

"A grand Highland palace is soon to be built,"

"Prince Albert, I'm told, will appear in a kilt."

"We'll taste no more grouse, till he shoot a few brace!"

"Those deer, what a bore, thro' the forests to trace!"

"They eat their own horns! a strange kind of feast;"

"Here's quite a menag'rie of ev'ry wild beast!"

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<sup>1</sup> Before her Majesty had reached Scotland there were advertisements from a London poulterer, offering grouse for sale "shot by Prince Albert!"

- “ Those great capercailzie ! how horrid they are,  
“ All tasting of turpentine, pitch too, and tar ;  
“ But putting all birds out of mis’ry’s a pleasure  
“ To gentlemen bored with abundance of leisure.  
“ The muirfowl in thousands like patriots die !  
“ Who’d live in this wild place if grouse were not nigh !  
“ A black cock aloft on the mountain-side whirring,  
“ A grey-hen alive on her native heath stirring,  
“ Are sights that we Cockneys don’t see in a hurry  
“ But in the zoological gardens of Surrey !  
“ All birds know a gun ! I have seen them on Sunday !  
“ More impudent far than they dare be on Monday !  
“ That rookery see ! what an emblem of home !  
“ The gentlemen hunting and sporting all roam ;  
“ The ladies each day left with nothing to cheer  
“ Till chatt’ring or croaking their lords re-appear !  
“ In Scotland the sportsmen run after their game  
“ O’er hill, dale, and moor—land or water the same—  
“ In rivers for hours too !—the strangest diversion !  
“ ’Tis really quite vulgar, such desp’rate exertion !  
“ The Germans do better !—indeed out of measure,  
“ For gentleman-like they enjoy it at leisure !



- " The guns have no trouble, but all stand at ease,  
" The game runs to them, and men shoot as they please.<sup>1</sup>  
" That red-deer, how proudly he rears his bold crest,<sup>2</sup>  
" How mighty his antlers ! how splendid his chest !  
" That Lord of the forest, majestic in grace,  
" Careers thro' the mountain-pass fresh for the chace.  
" A tale of the moors may not here be amiss,  
" Old grouse in the gun-room was nothing to this.  
" An Irish Lord made a friend shoot his own pony !  
" A trick so inhuman, his heart must be stony.  
" He ties to the forehead a group of tall horns,  
" To take a sure aim then, the sportsman he warns,  
" And cautiously stealing through bush and thro' brier,  
" Cries, ' Now is your time to shoot ! now you must fire.'
- 

<sup>1</sup> At Drummond Castle Prince Albert tried the real genuine Scotch deer-stalking with great success, having killed a stag and three hinds. Foreign deer-shooting is somewhat on the plan of Cleopatra's angling, when she ordered men to dive under the water and fasten fish on her hooks, till at length, for a jest, Anthony caused a salted one to be suspended there. We have no royal road to sport any more than to mathematics; and a day's shooting in Smithfield market, or in an American poultry yard, would be quite as amusing as in well-stocked forests, with a battalion of assistants to terrify and bewilder the game.

<sup>2</sup> It is singular that the red-deer comes close up to a carriage, without the slightest apprehension.

- “ Then off went the rifle ! oh sound of dismay,  
“ The pony fell backwards and gave his last neigh,  
“ While, griev’d to the heart at a blunder so shocking,  
“ His master for ever took leave of deer-stalking.  
“ Now, oh ! for a Landseer to paint me that scene,  
“ And oh ! for a railroad ! how far have I been ?  
“ We ought to go home now ere evening can close,  
“ To murder my sleep, before twelve I arose !  
“ My maid has forgot to put rings on my fingers !  
“ How stupid ! I wonder my patience yet lingers !  
“ Those villagers all mistake me for the Queen !—  
“ ’Tis accident surely ! their faces are clean !  
“ The French cook at Taymouth I’m told has elop’d,  
“ Another from Paris will come it is hop’d.  
“ Just fancy a Scotch cook brought here from Auld Reeky !  
“ Boil’d bagpipes and haggis, sheep’s head, cocky leeky.  
“ A dog in a blanket !—a toad in a hole !  
“ I’d rather eat frogs ! and indeed on the whole

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<sup>1</sup> There is an old proverb against giving things a bad name, and certainly these are two oddly named Scotch dishes, the first a fruit-pudding, and the second mutton chops buried in batter, but an English lady was in the last extremity of consternation once, when her Scotch cook proposed them for



" Chinese mandarins with their soup of bird's nests  
 " Less odious must be, I should think, to their guests!  
 " What dainty new dishes to set near the Queen!—  
 " —Those dark fir trees look like a banditti scene!  
 " The mountain-dew smok'd with peat-reek from afar,  
 " Like ancient Falernian, tastes all of tar;  
 " But splendid the stirrup-cup made for the Queen,  
 " Her 'morning' to take, when the air is too keen.  
 " How can they expect such wild customs she'll try,  
 " And Atholl brose too!"—I would much rather die!  
 " The patés and trouffles are better with Very's aid,  
 " And cream-tarts like those which once almost killed  
 " Scherezade.

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dinner, which is one instance among thousands what false impressions may be taken up by strangers in an unknown country.

<sup>1</sup> Atholl brose is sometimes presented in the Highlands before breakfast. It contains equal quantities of honey and whiskey. The Queen's stirrup-cup, presented to her Majesty on leaving Taymouth, is said to have been formed of Scotch pebbles and jaspers, richly mounted in gold—the pebble forming the base of the cup having lines exactly resembling a Highland loch. Each of the ladies in attendance on the Queen is said to have also received splendid specimens of Scottish gems, mounted in gold, and bound up to be used as paper-cases.

- “ The best of all wisdom is happy to be,  
“ What’s good and what’s excellent only to see,  
“ Resolv’d to know nothing in life but what’s pleasant ;  
“ Was that bird a blackcock or only a pheasant ?  
“ This mountain’s a perfect love ! look at the river ;  
“ Now ! where is my tartan plaid ! rocks make one shiver ;  
“ Oh ! see what a horror ! that road’s like a stair,—  
“ Let’s fix now for dinner what we should all wear.  
“ I like myself better in ringlets than braids ;—  
“ —How lovely the twilight looks now as it fades !  
“ Some poet describes, who in charming verse raves,  
“ The sun his chin pillows on orient waves.  
“ My Brussels-lace veil ! How the winds here do tear it,  
“ A card’nal sounds popish ! I wonder you wear it ;  
“ Pale blue is a colour I always delight in,  
“ But pink is the hue that I look quite a fright in.  
“ Let’s try soon to sketch, with our very best pens,  
“ Ben Nevis, Ben Voirloch, and all those wild Bens !”

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<sup>1</sup> As Scotch fashions are so much followed now in the south, we may perhaps find the English hills adopting our northern designations, and calling themselves Ben Highgate and Ben Richmond.



“ The ev’ning perspective is truly sublime !

“ I fear for our toilets we scarcely have time ;—

“ Those bright stars seem candles for ever on sticks,—

“ Do look ! I declare ! it is now half-past six.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FRITH OF FORTH.

Serene and sweet the lovely landscape lay,  
Outstretch'd beneath a summer's glancing ray,  
Above, the silent mountains stood on high,  
Their outline grav'd distinct along the sky ;  
And forests stretch'd their undulating wreath  
Above the vale that smiling slept beneath,  
While far away, the breath of fresh perfume  
Pass'd on the breeze.

POEM BY V.

The royal bright comet proceeds in its course,  
And gazers afar see it speed with new force ;  
The orbit grows wide, and engages each eye,  
Till fading from sight, all take leave with a sigh.

The yeomanry mount : Though disbanded long since,  
Allegiance anew to their Queen to evince ;  
From town to town guard her, then nightly dismiss,  
The hardest day's hunting was nothing to this !

In stirrup of haste, rushing onwards they hie,<sup>1</sup>  
For gallop all must, who desire to keep nigh ;  
While gates fly wide open, and forward they lead ;  
Till near the next county, at hot and hot speed.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Much animadversion was occasioned at Cramond-bridge, by the ceremony being omitted of the Scottish sovereign's carriage being stopped there, and a silver basin presented, a custom which originated in the time of James II., when his Majesty, travelling incog., was attacked by a gang of gipsies, and being nearly overpowered, got assistance from a husbandman named Howison. The rescued stranger was conducted to the farmer's humble abode, where his guest requested a basin of water and a towel to remove the blood and stains received in the fray, and was also most hospitably entertained at supper. Before departing, the stranger, after many thanks, invited his deliverer to return the visit, desiring him to enquire at Edinburgh Castle for "one James Stuart, the Laird of Ballengeich." At no distant day, the honest farmer availed himself of the invitation, and presenting himself at the Castle gate, was to his own great astonishment ushered into an assembly of nobles and courtiers, among whom, much to his own comfort, he speedily recognized his old friend "James Stuart." Being told that the king was present, and might be known as the only person in the room with his head covered, he exclaimed in a bewildered tone, "Then it maun either be you or me!" The king from that day made him proprietor of the land he cultivated, on condition that his descendants presented a basin and towel to the king's successors for ever after when they crossed Cramond-bridge, which was accordingly done to George IV., who was good-humouredly amused by the antiquated ceremony.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Ramsay of Barnton sent four of his beautiful carriage horses for her Majesty's use in passing through Stirling, all equipped in new harness, and the post-boys in silk jackets. On this occasion, the drivers, resolving to show off, proceeded at such an Ascot and Doncaster pace, that one of the finest horses is said to have died of fatigue the next day.

A gaudy bright world we beheld on that day,  
 When first our Queen led to the Highlands away;  
 And Scotland was proud of her climate, we guess,  
 Her many-hue'd fields in gay Harlequin dress.

Each meadow enamell'd with gold richly glares,  
 No crop seen since Pharaoh's time with this compares;  
 And clouds all respecting the Queen in these days,  
 'Twas fine day the 6th of the sun's burning rays.<sup>1</sup>

Arriv'd at Queensferry, so gorgeous the day,  
 Her Majesty sails to the westwards away;  
 There viewing that pier from which George the Fourth sailed,  
 Departing for ever, by Scotland bewail'd.

The last house he enter'd the Queen would behold,  
 His noble host then 'mid the bravest enroll'd;  
 The King himself honour'd, as all did, that name,  
 Embalm'd with the highest in records of fame.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Adam Smith remarks that the chief enjoyment of greatness consists in the universal sympathy felt for great people. Their slightest grief produces general commiseration, and their least pleasure brings widely-extended joy. On this occasion, if it could have served any purpose, how many would willingly have sacrificed their dinner, that her Majesty might enjoy a fine day for her first introduction to the Highlands.

<sup>2</sup> The most distinguished companions-in-arms of the Duke of Wellington in Spain were the Earl of Hopetoun, Lord Lyndoch, and Lord Beresford.



Behold that domain yet adorn'd with such care,  
The princely house fit for a monarch to share ;  
The sea-girdl'd terrace undimm'd by a cloud,  
To light such a scene the sun well might be proud !  
One gorgeous broad sheet there of bright fretted gold,  
The noble park round with its waves to infold.

The eye glancing swiftly from westward to east,  
A stretch of one hundred miles long at the least,  
Beholds in that moment a wide world display'd,  
A journey through which in three days is scarce made.

No ! not Canaletti himself could depict  
That tableau so vast to the eye now distinct ;  
Benlomond appears there, the monarch of hills,  
Benledi far west the gigantic scene fills ;  
Dunfermline, its tall spire a tomb for the Bruce,  
The Bass Rock, and castles in number profuse.

Blackness,<sup>1</sup> strongly garrison'd now by one man,  
To hang the key outside the door long his plan ;

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<sup>1</sup> On the roof of this old spectral-looking castle, it was related once by a party of stanch presbyterians, that they saw an infernal dance performed by spirits in a wreath of flames on the night of Charles II.'s restoration. The old invalid soldier, who, not long since, had charge of this strong-hold,

Rosythe,<sup>1</sup> where, if Cromwell had ever a mother,  
That castle first saw her, 'tis certain no other.

Broom Hall and Dalmeny both highly romantic,  
Tall trees that would make Mr Loudon grow frantic ;  
Old Scriptural cedars to darken the ground,  
Their branches are hundreds, their hearts remain sound.

Broad shadows bestriding the bright bowling-green ;  
Yew hedges like walls rising high as a screen ;  
The verdant grass velvet with laurels invested,  
Each riotous leaf there by bailiffs arrested.

The sloping banks wooded, the walks only level,  
The deer and the hare that in scatter'd groups revel,  
And flocks of gay pheasants all roost in each tree,  
Now tame as when made first, from fear of man free.

The royal barge now wheels around to the north,  
And sure Cleopatra in state setting forth,  
Whole hours would have needed to sail o'er the waves,  
Which here vulgar smoke with steam cleverly saves.

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used to place the key under the door, or hang it outside, when he went to church.

<sup>1</sup> Oliver Cromwell's mother was a Miss Stewart of Rosythe, and tradition is positive in asserting that this was her birth-place.

With wild exclamations now friends fill their letters,  
 While those left behind feel as chain'd up in fetters.  
 "Why did you stay there? and why don't you come  
     "soon?"  
 "In parachute, steam-boat, post chaise, or balloon?"  
     "One gentlemen walk'd here, no horse to be had,  
 "A hundred and ten miles! yet none call him mad!"  
 "But who has his senses! I seldom have mine!"  
 "I scarcely can sleep, and I scarcely can dine!"  
 "Such splendour! such tartan! such dancing! such taste!"  
 "No words can express it,

Excuse me in haste."

'Twas Hotspur's wife said,—a most sensible woman,<sup>1</sup>  
 One can't well describe what was shown one by no man:  
 As witches a running stream cross'd not of yore,  
 The muse now takes leave on the Frith of Forth shore.  
 Othello-like here,—occupation all over,  
 Yet long o'er such scenes will gay memory hover.

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<sup>1</sup> LADY PERCY. "What I ne'er was told, I cannot tell."



That stream be an emblem, so bright where it glows,  
Of life, as to ocean eternal it flows ;  
The sky everlasting, the earth in decay,  
Teach mortals reflecting, how short is their stay ;  
Though blessings abound, both for light and for shade,  
A solid foundation of piety laid.

As clouds hurry wildly athwart the pale moon,  
As lights and shades flicker beneath the bright noon,  
As tears and smiles struggle in infancy's eye,  
Thus pleasures and pains are for ever brought nigh.

While man closely studies the long roll of ages,  
And Time marks his progress on each of its pages,  
Events follow on, fraught with joys and with woes,  
But the Author of all is their author he knows.

Howe'er then the future surprise or perplex him,  
Howe'er yet each scene may enliven or vex him,  
All comes as it should, and all tends to his gain,  
All order'd by Him who has pow'r to sustain.

Full soon shall these hours be a tale that is told,  
Full soon shall their mem'ry on earth be grown old,  
And soon shall the last sigh be sigh'd of all those,  
So youthful, so gay, so remote from life's close.



Then Stricklands and Tytlers their pens shall unite,  
Victoria's achievements and memoirs to write ;  
In story and song shall this "Progress" be seen,  
And Scotland, most loyal, cry

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

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## P. P. C.

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" I little thought to venture forth again  
Amidst adventurous rovers of the pen."

BUCKINGHAM.

To those attending the court, whose feelings are not flattened by habit, nothing could be more exciting than the scenes lately acted on the great theatre of life in Scotland, while the concourse of persons who came to witness the festivities lived as active a life as the Chinese birds, which, having no legs, are for ever on wing. That pageant now over, the author has ventured to bring before the public a slight sketch of all she saw, trusting that it may afford some amusement to the many who witnessed those scenes with herself, and to the few, also, who did not. She feels confident, at least, that this little publication can do no harm, being written with that sacred respect to the feelings and to the station of each individual alluded to, which is their due; and her worst enemy, if there be any such individual, cannot accuse her of ever having, in any publication, intentionally hurt the feelings of a single person.

The Highland scenes of her Majesty's visit to Scotland the author did not witness, and therefore she does not attempt to

describe, as all she could paint must be gathered from hearsay, or from cotemporary descriptions, already in the press ;—it need only, then, be added, that during her Majesty's progress, in every city, village, and neighbourhood, the people tried to out-excite each other, and triumphal arches were as common as mile-stones along the road. That raised at Bannockburn, by Mr Murray of Polmaise, was singular, being composed of wheat sheaves, festooned with ripe fruit, to represent peace and plenty,—some were starred all over with splendid dahlias, and others appeared in that new school of architecture called the Florid-Cockney.

Most of the landed proprietors received the royal cortège on the boundary of their own property, and escorted it to the opposite extremity, followed by their tenantry on horseback, or by troops of well-dressed Highlanders, in costume for the occasion. English travellers expect always to see every Scotsman, and particularly every Highlander, in a kilt, but this is a complete delusion, as in very few parts of the north is it now the national costume, being only assumed on state occasions, or in full dress. The trews are of much older date, and fully more in every-day use, though, being less picturesque, they are not equally celebrated by painters and poets.

On the present occasion, the great northern proprietors having, at their own expense, clothed and accoutred thousands of their tenantry and clansmen, the kilt became as common as when Prince Charles last appeared, or even as universal as on the stage at Covent Garden, when *Macbeth* is acted, and the London cockneys see what they suppose yet to be an accurate representation of Scottish dress, and of a Scottish heath, wanting nothing but grouse and red deer.

The old clan-tartans are all of the richest and most gorgeous colourings, like old flags, but many spurious imitations are now stealing into notice, though these inferior counterfeits are held in



most contemptuous estimation among the old Highland families, who are as proud of the old quarterings on their plaids as on their coats of arms.

Fancy itself must fall short of the reality in attempting to conceive the Queen's reception among the Highland hills, and it would have exhausted a pen of forty-Scott power to give the faintest idea of it. There was literally "a rising," though not early in the morning, all over Scotland so simultaneous as to afford a pleasing and salutary proof how strong and how popular is a government which draws forth so active a demonstration on the shortest notice. Scotch lungs and Scotch loyalty shone indeed on this occasion, whilst cheering and good cheer abounded to excess. The very keys of one "Fair City" were turned to silver at the appearance of her Majesty, and it is hoped, by the encouragement she has given to Scotch fashions and Scotch manufacture, the Queen's visit may be in some places as propitious as that of Pericles to his native city, when he said, "I found it wood and left it marble." A short historical sketch is here subjoined of the northern palaces and castles which her Majesty honoured with a visit.

### HOLYROOD HOUSE.

Low murmurs creep along the hollow ground,  
And to each step the pealing aisles resound;  
By glimmering lamps, protecting saints among,  
The shrines all trembling as they pass along,  
O'er the still choir, and mould'ring columns tread,  
And break the awful stillness of the dead,  
That, buried round, are seen in ghostly rows,  
The cold, dark, silent mansion of repose.

This magnificent residence was formerly both a royal palace and an abbey, founded by King David I., who was called, on

account of his munificence in raising sacred edifices, "a sore saint to the crown." The original building was raised to commemorate his miraculous escape when attacked by an infuriated stag, and the king intended it for the canons regular of St. Austin, who named it Holyrood House, or the House of the Holy Cross. It was burned by Oliver Cromwell, but nobly re-edified by Charles II. The Duke of Hamilton is hereditary keeper.

The entrance from the outer court is adorned with pillars of hewn stone, under a cupola in form of an imperial crown, balustraded on each side at the top. The north turret was built by James V., whose name it bore in letters of gold, and that towards the south by Charles II.,—Sir William Bruce the architect. In the beautiful chapel were buried James V., Magdalene of France, his first Queen, Lord Darnley, and many more royal and distinguished persons. The adjoining park has neither deer nor trees, and the hill rising above it is called Arthur Seat, from Arthur the British king, who used to view the adjacent country from thence. The whole precincts of the palace are used as a sanctuary for debtors.

The first tea parties in Scotland were given at Holyrood House by Queen Anne, who, being there with her father King James, had masquerades, acting characters herself, and amusing the company with dramatic entertainments like the mask of Comus (See Traditions of Edinburgh, vol. i. p. 11.) Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the court at this period, or the gaiety that pervaded the palace.

Among other interesting relics which her Majesty passed in her progress up the Canongate was the palace and oratory of Mary of Lorraine, mother of Queen Mary, and regent of Scotland. Over the door is this motto, "*Laus et honor Deo*," with M. R., the Queen's cipher. It was lately a paper warehouse. One of the apartments was called "the Queen's dead room," having



been used as a repository for the dead, previous to interment. Till within these few years this room was all painted black.

Also, near the castle her Majesty passed the window from which John Knox preached, and likewise the ancient residence of Allan Ramsay the poet, who retired there in his old age, and being very vain of that handsome edifice, told his friend, Lord Elibank, that the wits had compared it to a goose-pie. "Very true!" replied his lordship, "when you are in it, Allan, they are not far wrong." (Traditions of Edinburgh.)

Her Majesty also passed beneath the handsome stone balcony which belonged to the Earl of Moray's house, and in which a singular scene took place. When the brave and gallant Montrose was dragged along the Canongate to be ignominiously executed, the Marchioness of Argyle, who was then celebrating her son's marriage to Lord Moray's daughter, looked out to witness the downfall of her husband's opponent, and actually spat upon him! This gives no very refined idea of what Marchionesses were in those primitive days, especially when they meddled with politics. (See *Scotland and the Shetlanders*, vol. i. p. 81.)

When James VI. visited Edinburgh, the town council deliberated seventeen days respecting the arrangements for his reception, and one of their resolutions was for the immediate removal of all "red timber, swine, and beggars!" The king was escorted into the city under a splendid canopy, and received a magnificent present in silver plate, on the occasion, from the citizens, who appeared before him in dresses of the richest velvet.

When Anne of Denmark landed at Leith, she was received at the West Port by forty-two young men, dressed in white, with gold chains, and masked as Moors, who placed her under a canopy, and conducted her Majesty to the palace. King James, when he came to Edinburgh, explained that his visit was from no other motive than "the salmon-like instinct of visiting his native place." The expenses of Edinburgh on this occasion

amounted to L.47,000 Scots, and his Majesty desired an account of his visit to be recorded in rhyme, which was accordingly done by an anonymous poet.

The reception of Charles I. surpassed all others, and among many orders issued on the occasion was one for removing from the West Port the heads of several malefactors, and to take down a gibbet, on which a culprit was suspended. At the cross appeared a representation of Bacchus, pouring out streams of wine, which flowed liberally, "to the great solace of commoners." One triumphal arch was hung with portraits of the ancient kings, among whom appeared Fergus I. conducted by Mercury, and bestowing a great deal of wholesome advice on King Charles, after which Apollo advancing, presented his Majesty with a volume of poetry by members of the university.

### DALKEITH PALACE.

This was originally a castle celebrated for its visits from royal personages, as well as for its sieges. It was anciently the seat of the head of the Grahams, from whose junior line sprang the ancestor of the Duke of Montrose, about 700 years ago.

The heiress of the Grahams conveyed Dalkeith to her husband, William Douglas, Lord of Liddesdale. They had an only daughter who had no family, but the Douglasses kept their *stronghold*, and became very potent as lords of Dalkeith, without being related to the Grahams. When King James I. was ransomed from unjust captivity, the lord of Dalkeith and the lord of Argyll were the only two nobles whose revenues were rated at 1500 merks, which was higher than any of the earls. They more than once intermarried with the royal family. At



the first rebellion of the last Earl of Douglas, 1452, he was so exasperated against his cousin of Dalkeith, for taking part with King James II., that he vowed never to desist from besieging the castle till he had taken it. But the defence was so valiant, that he was forced to abandon his position; and the King rewarded the lord of Dalkeith, who was already his brother-in-law, by creating him Earl of Morton in 1457-8.

Upon the joyful occasion of King James IV. receiving on the borders, from the Earls of Surrey and Northumberland, Princess Margaret Tudor, to whom he had been married by proxy at St Paul's, he carried her the first day to Dalkeith.

In 1453 the celebrated Cardinal Beaton was imprisoned in the castle of Dalkeith, on suspicion that being in the French interest, he would oppose the project of marrying Queen Mary, then a year old, to her cousin Edward Prince of Wales, then also a child.

The third Earl of Morton was called the daft Earl. Having no sons, King James V. had coerced him in 1540 into settling the earldom on his distant cousin, Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, who had relieved him by marrying Margaret Erskine, his ill-tempered companion; but in 1542, on the king's death, he got the deed set aside, as made under constraint; and next year, with the consent of the regent, Earl of Arran, (afterwards Duke of Chatelherault) who was married to his eldest daughter, he made a new entail on his third daughter and her husband James Douglas, (who was nephew of the Earl of Angus, the second husband of Queen Margaret Tudor,) and various other Douglasses were called to the succession, but Lochleven was totally struck out. This James was afterwards well known as the regent Earl of Morton. His wife, who brought him his rank and fortune, had no surviving family; and possibly owing to his intrigues, she turned insane, and would not recognise him as her husband, insisting that she had been married to another Douglas, and that the Earl himself was his murderer. He kept her quiet at

Tantallon Castle, while he lived in state at Dalkeith, then called the Lions' Den. In 1579 the Earl of Morton being still in power, though he had demitted the regency, King James VI. came on a visit to Dalkeith for some days, and on the 16th October went to Holyrood House, whence he made his progress through the city of Edinburgh next day with great pomp. The Earl of Morton had endeavoured to secure himself with pardons of all possible enemies, and approbation of all his services; but in 1581 his enemies were strong enough to get him tried and beheaded, by the new machine called "The Maiden," which he had himself provided, but which had not been used till this unexpected opportunity, and is yet to be seen at the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

On his forfeiture, Lord Maxwell, son of the second daughter of the daft Earl, got the earldom of Morton; but the Duke of Lennox, then the king's great favourite, got a grant of Dalkeith, where, when he quarrelled with some of his own party, he brought the King by way of securing him. Next year, however, the raid of Ruthven upset all their hopes and plans, and the King's tears could not induce his captors to relent from forcing him to order his best beloved cousin into exile in France, where he died of grief in a few months. The King was then young, and may be compared to a shuttlecock, which sections of nobles strove to keep up for themselves; or rather he was like Aladdin's lamp, for whoever was so lucky as to get possession of the talisman, was all-powerful while he was able to keep him. Upon this change of the ruling powers, the late regent's nephew and heir, the Earl of Angus, returned from England in 1582. The King escaped from the Ruthven party, and the Earl surrendered on proclamation; but in 1584 he was on the party that seized the King in Stirling, for which he was attainted; but the next year he was strong enough to force not only his own restoration, but even the repeal of the attainder of his uncle. Thus he became also Earl of



Morton, and rightful owner of Dalkeith. To oblige the King, however, he postponed his claim against the young Duke of Lennox, till he could be otherwise provided for, which soon happened by Methven castle falling to the crown. This Earl of Angus and Morton's only son dying a child soon after himself, in 1589, the heir of Dalkeith and the earldom of Morton was now William Douglas of Lochleven, the son of Queen Mary's stern jailor in that castle. This was the result of an arrangement made by the Earl (afterwards the regent) in 1564, when Queen Mary gave a new charter of the earldom and estates with that remainder, (next to his nephew above) probably in consequence of this Lochleven being half brother to the Earl of Moray, (afterwards the regent) who was half brother to the Queen.

The new Earls of Morton were extremely rich for a time. This last Earl's grandson, the seventh Earl, chancellor, treasurer, and knight of the garter, entertained King Charles I. with great splendour at Dalkeith, on the 14th June 1633, when he came on his celebrated visit to Scotland, and next day he entered Edinburgh with all his train, in a very triumphant and royal equipage. When he departed again for England, his first day's journey was to Dalkeith. During his first sojourn, he received a supplication from the kirk, and conferred a knighthood, and on the last occasion he knighted two more gentlemen. It was from here the King in council issued the proclamation as to the order of the procession through the capital. And in 1637 there was another proclamation in consequence of the anti-episcopal riots, throwing cuttie stools, &c. removing the council to Dalkeith, to his Majesty's palace there, where they continued to sit for some months.

The Earl of Morton being almost ruined by his loyal exertions during the civil wars, Dalkeith was sold to Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch, in 1642, exactly two centuries ago. It is remarkable that the purchaser was great grandson of Lady Margaret

Douglas, niece of the regent Earl of Morton, eldest co-heiress of her brother Archibald Earl of Angus, and latterly also Earl of Morton, her sister being wife to Lord Maxwell, the temporary but deprived Earl of Morton. The Earl of Buccleuch's daughter conveyed Dalkeith with her father's earldom to the Duke of Monmouth, and they were jointly created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, &c. in 1663. Afterwards the Earl of Morton, and his son Lord Aberdour, (a name assumed instead of Dalkeith, the old style of the heir apparent,) renounced all claim to that title in favour of the Duke and Duchess, who got the deed ratified in Parliament.

Though this joint creation saved the titles of Buccleuch, &c. from forfeiture, when the Duke of Monmouth was beheaded, the Scotch Act rescinding King James's proceedings secured it in 1689, the Duchess resigned her half of the honours, and got a new patent reintegrating them, and settling them entirely on her heirs. She demolished most of the old castle, (excepting General Monk's room and a few identifying posts,) and caused the present mansion to be erected on its site.

Her grandson, the second Duke, obtained a partial reversal of his grandfather's attainder, by which he got back his earldom of Doncaster, the second English title. Had the restoration been complete, the Duke of Buccleuch as Duke of Monmouth would be the third duke in England, following the dukedoms of Norfolk and Somerset, which were both long under forfeiture, and had been restored by King Charles II., who was partial to restorations; otherwise the creations of his own offspring would soon have headed the list.



## DUPPLIN CASTLE.

This was the ancient seat of the Oliphants, who were advanced to the title of Lords Oliphant in 1456. One of the oldest tombstones in Scotland, and still legible, is that of Sir William Oliphant, who died in 1329, the gallant defender of Stirling Castle against King Edward I. It was a constant struggle between the Lords Oliphant and Ruthven which should domineer over Perth, and have the office of provost. Lord Oliphant ruled about eighteen families of different names, who gave him bonds of man-rent and service. The fifth lord, however, was a spendthrift, and sold Dupplin, in 1623, to the Earl of Morton, but four years afterwards he parted with it again to Sir George Hay, immediately afterwards Viscount Dupplin, 1627; Earl of Kinnoull, 1633; and chancellor of Scotland, from whose brother descends the present Earl. In 1633, when King Charles I. paid his memorable visit to Scotland, he tried in person a cause regarding the peerage of Oliphant—whether it should descend to the extravagant lord's only daughter, or to the heir-male. The King was puzzled, and he ended the controversy by giving peerage to the heir-male, and creating the heiress's husband a peer by the title of Mordington, with the precedence of Oliphant—following the example of his royal father in the case of Le Despenser and Abergavenny.

## SCONE PALACE.

It would be endless to attempt to give more than a mere sketch of the history of this palace, so intimately interwoven with the chief transactions of the olden time. All the kings of Scotland, down to King James I. and Joan Beaufort, his queen, in 1424, were crowned here. The first creation of dukes took place here in 1398, when King Robert III. conferred on his eldest son the title of Duke of Rothsay, and on his brother that of Duke of Albany. Many royal personages were buried here, and yet, when Queen Annabella (wife of King Robert III.) died here, she was buried at Dunfermline.

When the Reformation began under the regency of Queen Mary of Guise, in 1559, the Reformers, calling themselves the Congregation, demolished the stately fabric built by King James I., and three other monasteries, at Perth, and the destructives soon found their zeal carry them to the Abbey of Scone, which they also pulled down, and they burned "all the Roman trashes, as images, altars, and the lyke." John Knox incited the people, calling these religious houses nests and cages of unclean birds—and saying, if the nests are pulled down the birds will fly away. Having so good an opportunity, the mob also spoiled the palace.

In 1581, William, fourth Lord Ruthven, got a grant of the lands belonging to the monastery of Scone, which were erected into the earldom of Gowrie. He had been with his father, the haggard, ruthless Lord Ruthven, when he entered Queen Mary's presence to murder Rizzio; but it was he who so roughly extorted from Queen Mary the signature to her abdication at Lochleven. He was the chief actor in the raid of Ruthven, when the king was seized out of the hands of the Duke of



Lennox and Earl of Arran, and forced to grant a remission, and even thank them for the service, and the convention of estates continued the indemnity. The King escaped out of their hands, and immediately paid a voluntary visit at Ruthven Castle, and granted a full pardon. The convention, however, ordered this act of grace to be expunged, and declared all the parties concerned in the raid guilty of high treason. The Earl was ordered to France, but while he was at Dundee, preparing to embark, his love of intrigue and enterprise led him to delay for a new scheme against his Majesty's liberty—his lingering led to suspicion, arrestment, and execution, on which occasion he made a speech like Cardinal Wolsey's last. His second son had just proceeded to Scone, where a new palace was built. He was one of the most promising nobles at court, but the mysterious conspiracy at Perth, named after Gowrie, led to a violent death and the ruin of the family. Though it is quite unaccountable, it is said that this plot was a contrivance of the greedy courtiers, who wanted to share the immense estates of the family.

Scone was conferred on one of those who had assisted King James in this memorable exigency, Sir David Murray, afterwards Lord Scone, and ultimately Viscount Stormont, with power to select his heirs out of the clan, as he had no family. In the time of the third Viscount, who was also Earl of Annandale, King Charles II. was crowned at Scone in 1651, but Cromwell nullified the effects of the ceremony at the battle of Worcester. The fourth Viscount, who had been selected as heir, was ancestor to the present family, now Earls of Mansfield. He was son to the only presbyterian minister ever made a peer, his title being Lord Balroin.

The family were strongly suspected of being Jacobites in 1715 and in 1745. The sixth Viscount was so afraid of forfeiture, however, that he is alleged to have given information against himself, so that he was taken up out of harm's way.

## TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

This magnificent seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane was formerly called Balloch Castle, which means the castle at the mouth of the loch, where, out of its superabundance, issues the river Tay. The original castle was built shortly before 1570, by Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, one of the first protestants, being a son-in-law of Lord Ruthven, who died at Balloch in 1583, a M'Coy executor. According to tradition, it was the same architect who was immediately afterwards employed at Castle Menzies, from 1571 to 1577, the Castle of Weyme, five miles distant, which belonged to the Menzies's, the rival family of the district.

Balloch being, like Weyme, intended as a place of strength, had no wings till recently. It was erected during the proscription of the Macgregors, of whose lands the Campbells gradually contrived to possess themselves, following the ambitious advice of an ancestor to "birze yont"—keep moving onwards. It would be tedious to explain by what series of "*conquests*," the Scotch legal phrase for purchase, these remote branches of the house of Argyll progressed from that old castle on Loch Awe, through Glenurchy, Strathpillar, and Glendochart, to Finlarig, down Loch Tay to Balloch and Aberfeldy. When they got footing on one side of a river or loch, they soon got possession of the other, or, as was said of old, they were sure to get into the other leg of the pantaloons, kicking out the clown who was in the way. At their castle of Finlarig, at the head of Loch Tay, is shown a hole where the persecuted Macgregors were kept ready for killing. It is related that Sir Duncan Campbell, the son of the founder of Balloch, who was as keen as



his father in pursuit of the unfortunate Clan Gregor, arrived in Edinburgh with a traveller's length of beard, and hastening to prepare for going to court, went into the first barber's shop he saw, and bared his "*craig*" for the razor-holder, when he chanced to espy the name of Macgregor, on which he was so panic-struck with the danger he ran if the man knew who he was, that he rushed out of the shop.

On another occasion, during the celebration of a marriage in the family, news came of an invasion by the enemy, who had carried off a herd of cattle. The ceremony was suspended—the party armed, pursued the marauders, rescued the booty, and returned to relieve the suspense of the happy couple.

Sir Duncan Campbell was joined with his chief, Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyll, in the destruction of the Macgregors, but on the Earl alone rests the singular notoriety of giving birth to the proverb as to a Highlandman's promise, which arose thus. When Macgregor of Glenstray had an assurance of being carried in safety to *England*, the promise was kept only to the ear, as he was conducted to Berwick, brought back, tried, and executed.

Sir Duncan in his old age was created a baronet, and soon after died at Balloch Castle, in 1631, aged fourscore and one, and his funeral at Finlarig cost 7000 merks. Sir Colin, his son, employed a German artist for eight months to paint thirty broadis of the kings of Scotland and Great Britain, and two of the Queens, and also his own and predecessor's portraits, and gave him L.1000. He afterwards got the set of royal personages and ancestors completed by Jamieson the Scotch painter. He died at Balloch, in 1640, aged sixty-three. For farther particulars of Taymouth see Scotland and the Shetlanders, vol. ii. p. 396.



ly shot a man, on which, like "Satan's soldiers and rotten members, they rushed back, fired the kirk, then only thatched with heather, and burnt it and all within it quick."\* He was executed in his father's lifetime, leaving a son, who also died before his grandfather, but not before he had an heir to succeed his great grandfather. The second lord sided with Queen Mary. His son, the third lord, was an early reformer, by which he disoblged his mother. His son was the first Earl of Perth. He had been educated in France, and accompanied the embassy to Spain, for which he was created an Earl in 1605. He married the only daughter of the first Earl of Winton, and there is a curious picture of that Earl and his Countess, (the heiress of Eglinton) with the Countess of Perth, then a child, between them, with very red hair. The Earl of Perth died young, leaving only a daughter, so that his brother succeeded to the earldom and estates. The daughter, however, when she married the Earl of Sutherland, is said to have had the largest tocher hitherto given in Scotland, viz. 50,000 merks. She was the best match, either for means, or friendship, or person. Through her the late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland was heir to this family. The second Earl of Perth, who succeeded his brother, was accomplished and loyal. With fines and ravages Cromwell almost ruined him, but his constancy was never shaken. He was imprisoned, and his castle made a garrison, but he lived to be eighty. From his youngest son issued the Earls and Dukes of Roxburgh, (except the last and the present) and the Lords Bellenden, and from his eldest son, the third Earl, sprang the Earls (titular Dukes) of Perth and Melfort. Judging from the pictures and reputations of these families, they must have been a remarkably handsome race in all their branches, and they were

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\* Viz, six score of Murrays with their wives and children.



certainly also eminent for talent. The fourth Earl was chancellor, and with his brother, the Earl of Melfort, was all-powerful till the Revolution, when, attempting to escape to sea in disguise, he was imprisoned, and his castle destroyed. He was allowed at last to go into exile, where he was created Duke of Perth. He was passionately proud. From his daughter, the Countess Marischal, is descended Lord Elphinston, who represents the second branch of the Drummond Earls of Perth, by the extinction of the children of his son. His son was forfeited, but the estate was saved to his son by a legal manœuvre. He was styled Duke of Perth, and married a daughter of the first Duke of Gordon, granddaughter of the sixth Duke of Norfolk. This Duchess of Perth, supporting the rebels in 1745, was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle—was liberated, and died at Stobhall, aged ninety. Her two sons were both out in 1745, were forfeited, and perished in youth. The estate was, in 1784, granted to the heir male of the first Earl of Melfort, who was afterwards created Lord Perth; and his daughter, Lady Willoughby, now holds it, although it was understood to be intended for heirs male, in which case it would have gone to the Duke of Melfort, but the late Lord Melville arranged it otherwise.

Maxton of Colloquhey, who was a small proprietor of some standing, though surrounded by great neighbours, was famous for what is called his litany. He went every morning to his well, and there prayed that he might be delivered from the ire of the Drummonds, the pride of the Grahams, and the wind of the Murrays.

One of the greatest wits and most eccentric characters of the last century was the late Lady Perth, whose sayings and doings are yet remembered by many contemporaries. She was very indignant at the general prevalence of French fashions, and when asked to partake of a *purée* of veal at dinner one day, she declined it, saying, "I like to chew the meat myself;" and when



in company with a Frenchman, some friend remarking that she had held an animated dialogue with him, she denied it, saying, "I just nodded and winked till he thought I understood him." Her rules for writing were most judicious for indifferent scholars, one of them being as follows, "If you are puzzled how to spell a word, just put a stroke underneath, and if you are mistaken, it passes for a joke!"

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